

The explanation of
the frontispiece.

The Explanation of the Frontispiece.

Augustus Cæsar in the front doth stand,
Who banish'd Ovid to the Pontick Land.
One side shew's Rome, the other doth present,
The Ship which carried him to banishment.
A happy Pyramid it self doth raise,
Built on those Books from whence he got his praise.
The sable Pyramid doth likewise shew,
That his ruine from the Art of Love did grow.
Beneath poor Ovid rests his weary head
Upon his Coffin, when all hope was fled.
And thereupon his wreath of Bayes doth lye,
To shew he did in Pontus banish'd dye.
But yet his Muse new life to him doth give,
And by his lines sweet Ovid still doth live.

Vade Liber mundo, Dominus fuit exul, & inde
Disce pati a Domino, fer mala, vade Liber.

the

se.

OVID'S TRISTIA. CONTAINING Five Books of mournful ELEGIES,

Which he sweetly Composed
in the midst of his Adversity,
while hee liv'd in *Tomos*, a
City of *PONTUS*,

Where hee dyed after seven years
Banishment from *ROME*.

Translated into English by W. S.

Veniam pro laude peto--

The third Edition, Corrected.

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TO THE
Honourable, and wor-
thy of Honour by
Desert,
S^r. *Kenelme Digby K^t.*

SIR,

 Our generous minde framed by nature to vertue and vertuous actions, is so well known to Souldiers and Scholars, that as *Mars* gives you Bayes, so the *Muses* do give you Books. The consideration where-
ot hath emboldned mee (though a stranger) to offer to your protection this translation of *Ovids* Elegies, who I think was even rocked in his cradle by the Muses and fed with sugar and *Helliconian* water, which made him have so sweet a vein of Poetry. So that the name of *Ovid* is a sufficient commendation for any work of his; it my *English* can but like the

*Quis ergo
generosus?
Ad virtu-
tem bene à
natura cō-
positus Sen.
1.5. ep. 44.*

The Epistle

Eccho send back the lost Musick of
his lines. And indeed if he write best
of love that hath been in love ; and
that there is a certain *έρεγγεια* or *ef-*
ficacy in his words that feels the af-
fection; I doubt not but my own
sorrow hath learn'd mee how to
translate *Ovids* sorrow. For I con-
fess I was never in Fortunes books,
and therefore am not much indebt-
ed to her, neither do I care for her
frowns; but I am grieved for one
who is my brother in mis-fortune,
who is *exul in Patria*, being enfor-
ced to let that skill and experience
which hee hath gotten abroad in
Marine affairs, and whitch hath
been approved of both by the *Eng-*
lish and *Dutch* Nations in several
long voyages, lie dead in him for
want of employment, which is the
life of practical knowledge: And
though he must bee compelled by
his present fates to accept of the im-
ployment of forraign Nations, yet
if a way might be opened unto him
he is more willing (as hee is bound
by duty) to serve his native King
and

Dedicatory.

and Country, which desire of his I know your generous disposition cannot but cherish, and approve of my love towards him. This book *Ovid* sent to the City of *Rome* as appears by the first verse, *Parve nec in-video, &c.* and I am now to send it forth into a City abounding with *Criticks*, and therefore it desires your worthy patronage and defence; for which (if *Ovid* lived) he would make his fluent Muse express his thankfulness: But I for any favour which you shall shew unto this translation, must acknowledge my self bound unto your vertue, which I wish may shine forth in prosperous actions, until your fame be equal to *Cæsars*, who banished *Ovid*.

*The servant of your
Vertues,*

W. SALTONSTAL.

TO



To the Reader.

Tis now grown a common custome to seek thy good will by an Epistle, and therein to move thy affection to bee favourable to the present worke, wherein I need not bestow any great pains, for this is a translation of Ovids last booke which hee writ in banishment, and therefore if you would set before your eyes the present estate wherein he then lived, it would exceedingly move your pitty towards him. Imagine that you saw Ovid in the Land of Pontus, where he whose company was so much desired, was now banish'd from all company; he that was once the Darling of the Miser, now made the subiect of misery he that drank choise wines, now drinks spring water; he that wore a wreath of Bayes, now wears a wreath of Cypressse: and to conclude, he that was once so famous, is now as much unfortunate, and all this was most unworthily inflicted on him for some offence committed against Cesar, and also for writing that unhappy Book which he called the Art of Love; for these two he accuses as the causers of his banishment; during which time hee writ this last Book entiteling it his Tristium, because it contained his sorrow:

And

To the Reader.

And lastly consider, that after hee had written this book, having divers times sought to bee repealed from banishment ; and despairing of any mercy from Cæsar, he at last dyed, in the seventh year of his Banishment, from Rome : the Muses, together with Venus and a hundred little Cupids being mourners at his Funeral. If therefore you ever loved the sweetnesse of Ovids veine, or if the consideration of his sufferance in banishment, his want, his griefs, his afflictions, and lastly his death in a barbarous Land, can move your pitty and compassion, I doubt not but you will shew much love and affection to these Elegies, even for Ovids sake, whose compositions were so sweet and fluent, that his verses did runne like a smooth stream fed by the spring of the Muses, so that he could hardly speak but in the manner of a verse, for so he testifies of himself: *Quicquid con-nabor dicere versus erit.* Now for my self, I have put these Elegies of Ovids into an English mourning habit, with a frontispiece to give thee a clear view of Ovids misery, and to make thy heart more apt to receive a deeper impression of his sorrow, that seeing how unworthily he was dealt withal, thou mayest both pitty Ovid, and love this work of his, which is all I desire.

Thine

R

W. S.
Angelus



Angelus Politianus his Epi- gram on the banishment and death of Ovid.

THe *Roman Poet* lies in the *Euxine* shore,
And barbarous earth the Poet covers o're:
 Him that did write of love, that land doth hide,
Through which the *Istres* colder streams doth glide.
And wert not ashamed to be (*O Rome*)
More cruel then the *Getes* to such a sonne?
Oh Muses while he sick in *Scythia* lay,
Who was there that his sicknes could allay?
Or keep his cold limbs in the bed by force,
Or pass away the day with some discourse?
Or that could feel his pulse when it did beat,
Or apply to him warm things to cherish heat?
Or close his eyes, even swimming round with death?
And at his mouth receive his latest breath?
There were none, for his ancient friends then were
In thee *O Rome*, from *Pouus* distant farre.
His wife and Nephews were farre off together,
His Daughter went nor wth her banish'd Father.
The *Bessi* and *Coralli* were in these parts,
And the skin-wearing *Getes* with stony hearts.
The *Sarmatian* riding on his horse was there,
To comfort him with looks that dreadful were.
Yet when he was dead, the *Bessi* wept, the *Gete*,
And stout *Sarmatians* did their faces beat.
Woods, mountains, beasts, a mourning day did keep,
And *Istres* pearly streams they say did weep.

Some

Verſes &c.

Some say that frozen *Pontus* did begin
To melt, with tears that Sea-Nymphs ſhed for him.
Light *Cupids* with their mother *Venus* ranne,
And with torches ſet the funeral pile on flame :
And while his body did consume and burne,
They put his ashes in a closed Urne :
And on his Tobe-stone these words graven were,
He that did teach the Art of Love lyes here.
Then *Venus* with her white hand did bedew
His grave, whilſt ſhe ſweet Nectar on him threw.
The Mules brought their Poet many a verſe,
Which I am farre unwoorthy to rehearſe.

Julius Scaligers Verſes on Ovid, wherein he maketh Ovid ſpeak to Augustus.

I Would thy cruelty had in me begun,
Nor by murders ſteps to ruine me hadſt come.
If my wanton youth did move thy discontent,
Thou mayſt condemn thy ſelf to banishment.
For ſuch foul deeds thy private rooms do ſtaine,
That men condemned ne're did act the ſame.
Could not my wit, nor gentlenesſe thee reſtrain,
Nor ſweet tongue, ſecond to *Apollo's* Veine?
My ſtrain hath made the ancient Poets ſoft,
And to the new the weight of things hath taught.
I then did lyē when as I praifeſt thee,
For this my banishment was deferv'd by mee.

Umbra Ovidii, OR Ovids Ghost.

VV Hen I did live I got the wreath of Bayes,
From other Poets in my younger daies :

And soon my fame through all the world was known,
While Ovid onely was esteem'd at Rome.
But then at last as I did raise my fame
By verse, so from my verse my ruine came.
By an errour I great Cæsar's wrath did move.
And then by writing of the Art of Love :
For which two faults by Cæsar I was sent,
To the Pontick land to live in banishment.
I endeavour'd still to be repeal'd from hence,
But Cæsar would not pardon my offence.
Thus seven years I in banishment did spend,
Until by death my sorrows had an end.
And then my soul to Charon's boat did go,
Who unto Ovid did much kindnesse shew :
And row'd me straight to the Elysian fields,
Which unto happy souls such pleasure yields.
Where now I live, and every day converse,
With ghosts of Lovers who my lines rehearse.
And for my sake sweet Garlands they compose,
Of Lillies mingled with the crimson Rose :
Which they do give me, thereby to explain,
How lovers once did love sweet Ovids zeine.
And now at last it joyes my ghost to see,
The world doth still preserve my memory.
And that my sorrows they translated have,
And have not buried them within my grave,
For which my ghost unto the world gives thanks,
In these words writ on the Elysian banks.

Elegies themselves as much indebted know
To us, as Heroicks did to Virgil owe.



ELEGIE. I.

*In this Elegie at large
Ovid gives his book a charge,
To see Rome, and gives direction
How with time to varie action.*

MY little Book the City thou shalt see,
Woe's me, thy Master may not go with thee :
Go, but undrest, and seeing thou art mine,
Put on a habit like unto the time,
Be not clothed with the *Hyacinths* purple juyce,
Such colours are in mourning out of use.
Paint not thy Title with Vermillion dye,
To draw unto thee every gazing eye :
No oyle of Cedar to thy leaves allow,
Nor weare white corners on thy sable brow,
Such Ornaments may happy books invest,
But be thou like unto my fortune drest,
Thy forehead with no pumice stone make fair,
But come thou forth with loose and ragged hair.
Nor shame those blots which on thy face appears ;
For some may think they were made with my tears.
Go booke, salute the City in my name,
For on thy feet I will go back again ;
And if by chance among the common crew,
Some mindful of mee aske thee how I do ?
Return this answer, tell them that I live,
And that my God this life doth freely give.
But if they more do seek, then silent Ibe,
And speak not that should not be read in thee.

Triflum.

Then the angry Reader will repeat my faulc,
While by the people I am guilty thought.
Defend mee not, though they my fault repeat,
An ill cause by defence is made more great.
Some thou shalt finde will sigh cause I am gone,
And read these verses with wet cheeks alone,
Who often wishes *Cæsar* would but please,
Some lighter punishment might his wrath appease.
And I do pray he may ne're wretched bee,
That wishes *Cæsar* should thus pity mee.
But may his wishes come to passe, that I
At last may in my native Country dye.
But book, I know, thou shalt receive much blame,
And be thought inferiour unto *Ovid's* veine :
Yet every Judge the time and matter weighs ;
The time considered, thou deservest praise.
Smooth verses from a quiet minde do flow,
My rimes are over-cast with suddain woe.
Verses require much leisure and sweet ease,
But I am tost by windes and angry Seas.
Verses were never made in fear while I
Do looke each minute by the sword to dye.
So that an equal judge may well approve
These lines of mine, and read them with much love.
Had *Homer* been distres'd so many wayes,
It would his sharpe discerning wit amaze.
Then book be careless of all idle fame,
For to displease thy Reader, is no shame,
Since fortune hath not so kinde to mee been,
That thou their idle praise should so esteem.
When I was happy, I did covet fame,
And had a great desire to get a name.
But now both verse and study I do hate,
Since they have brought me to this banisht state.
Yet go my book, thee in my place I assigne,
And would to God I could not call thee mine.

Though

Though as a stranger thou dost come to *Rome*.
Thou canst not to the people come unknown :
Hadst thou no title, yet thy sable hew,
If thou deny me, will thy authour shew :
Yet enter secretly, least some disdain
My verse, which is not now esteem'd by fame.
And if by chance some when they hear mee nam'd,
Do cast thee by out of their scornful hand.
Tell them that I do teach no Rules of *Love*,
That work was long since punish'd from above.
Perhaps thou dost imagine thou art sent,
To *Cæsar's Court*, which is not my intent :
Aspire not thou unto those seats *Divine*,
From whence the thunder did on mee decline.
Though once the Gods more favourable were,
Yet now their just deserved wrath I fear.
The fearful Dove once struck, still after springs,
When shee doth hear the Hawks large spreading wings :
And from the fold the Lamb dare never stray,
That from the Wolf hath gotten once away.
Nor would young *Phaeton* desire to drive
His Fathers steeds, if he were now alive.
So having felt great *Joves* devouring flame,
I am afraid I should bee struck again.
He that was in the *Grecian* fleet before,
Will bend his sails from the *Eubœan* shore.
And so my weather-beaten bark doth shun,
That place from whence the furious storme begun.
Therefore be wisely circumspect, take heed,
It is enough if thee the people read,
While *Icarius* flew too high with waxen plumes,
The *Icarian* Seas from him their name asumes.
Yet it is hard to counsel in this action,
Since time and place will give thee best direction.
For if thou see that *Cæsar's* wrath be spent,
And that his anger is to mildness bent :

Tristium.

Or if some Courtier thee to *Cæsar* show,
And speak to him in thy behalf, then go,
With lucky starres, and bring mee some relief ,
To lighten this my heavy weight of grief.
For he by whom I did these wounds obtain
Can like *Achilles* spear cure them again.
But take heed least thou do dis-favour finde ,
My hopes are small and fears perplex my minde :
Lest I another punishment obtain,
If thou do move his new-calm'd wrath again.
But when into my study thou dost get,
And there upon the little shelves ait set.
There thou shalt see thy other brothers stand ,
Brought all to life by one life-giving hand.
The rest are by their paper titles known,
Whose written names are on their fore-head shwon.
Three other books thou shalt likewise discern,
Teaching loves Art which every one can learn.
But shun them, and if thou hast so much breath,
Tell them that *Oedipus* was his fathers death.
And if thy parents words have power to move ,
Love none of these although they teach to love.
Fifteen volumes of changed shapes there lies ,
Which were of late snatch't from my obsequies :
Bid them among their changed shapes relate ,
The sad change of my fortune and estate ;
For she's unlike to what she was before ,
Once happy, now my fate I must deplore.
I have more precepts to give thee in charge ,
But that my words thy staying would enlarge ?
And should'st thou carry all my thoughts with thee ,
A burthen to thy bearer thou woud'st bee.
'Tis farre, make haste, while here I live alone ,
Within a Land farre distant from my home.

ELEGIE II.

While fear of Shipwrack all amaze,
He to the Gods devoutly prayes.
Describes the tempest and his fear,
At last the Gods his prayers hear.

YE Gods of Seas (for what remains but prayer)
Be pleas'd at last our beaten bark to spare,
Be not offended all for *Cæsar's* sake,
One God enrag'd, some other pitty take.
Mars hated *Troy*, *Apollo* did defend
The *Trojans*, and fair *Venus* was their friend,
And though that *Juno Turnus* did respect,
Yet *Venus* did *Æneas* still protect.
Though *Neptune* still *Ulysses* ruine sought,
Yet him *Minerva* unto harbour brought.
And though to them we farre inferiour be,
One God displeas'd, some power may pleased be.
But yet alas it is in vain to speak,
Since on my face the angry waves do break,
And now the southerne windes so cruel are,
They will not let the Gods even hear my prayer:
But coupling mischiefs, with their ruffling gales,
They take away my prayers, and drive our sails,
The waves like mountains now are rowled on,
Which even seem to touch the starry Throne,
And by and by deep vallies do appear,
As if that hell it self dissolved were.
Nothing but air and water can I see,
And both of them do seem to threaten mee.
Whiles divers windes their forces do display,
The sea is doubtful which he should obey.
For now the windes comes from the purple east,
And so again it blowerth from the west.
Then *Boreas* flies out from the Northerne Waine,
While Southerne windes do beat him back again;

Tristium.

Our Pilot knew not whither he should steere ;
Art fails him, lost in his amazed fear.
Perish we must, all hope of life is past,
And while I spake the angry billows flash'd
Into my face, and with their waves did fill,
My mouth, while I continued praying still.
I know my wife at home doth now lament,
And grieve to think upon my banishment.
Yet knows she not how I am tossed here,
And little thinks she that I am so near
Unto my death, and were she here with me,
My grief for her a second death would bee.
Now though I dye, yet while that she is safe,
I shall survive in her my other half.
But now quick lightning breaketh through the Cloud,
And following Thunder roareth out a loud.
And now the waves upon the ship do beat,
Like bullets, and as one wave doth retreat,
Another comes that doth exceed the rest,
And thus their fury is by turns exprest.
I fear not death, yet I do grieve that I
Should here by Shipwreck in this manner dye.
Happy is hee whom sickness doth invade,
Whose body in the solid earth is laid.
And having made his will, in his grave may rest,
Nor shall the fishes on his body feast.
And yet suppose my death deserved bee,
Shall all the rest be punisht here for me ?
O yee greene Gods who do the Sea command,
Take off from us your heavy threatening hand.
And let me bear this wretched life of mine,
Unto that place which *Cæsar* did assign.
If you desire with death to punish mee,
My fault was Judg'd not worthy death to bee.
Had *Cæsar* meant to take my life away,
He need not use your help who all doth sway.

For

Lib. I.

For if that he do please my blood to spill ,
My life is but a tenure at his will .
But you whom I did never yet offend ,
Have pitty on mee , and to mercy bend .
For though you save me in this great distres ,
Yet you shall see my ruine ne're the les .
And if the windes and seas did favour mee ,
I should no les a banish'd man still bee .
I am not greedy , riches to obtain ,
Nor do I plough the sea in hope of gain ,
I go not to *Athens* , where I once have been ,
Or *Acian* towns which I have never seen ,
Nor unto *Alexandria* do I go ,
To see how *Nilus* seven streams do flow .
I wish a gentle winde which may so stand ,
To bring mee safe to the *Sarmatian* Land .
And though to the shoares of *Pontus* I am sent ,
I now complain of tardie banishment .
And though to *Tomos* I am sent away ,
Yet for a speedy passage I do pray .
Then if you love mee , calme the angry seas ,
And gently guide our ship if so you please :
Or if you hate me , bring me to that Land ,
Where death even for my punishment may stand .
Then bear mee hence you windes , what do I here ?
Or why doth *Italy* in sight appear ,
Why stay you me who ana by *Cæsar* sent ,
Unto the *Pontick* land to banishment ,
Which I deserv'd , nor dare I to defend ,
That fault which he so lately hath condemn'd .
Yet if the Gods did know our secret thought ,
There was no wicked meaning in my fault .
You know , blinde errorr carried me away ,
While folly did my harmles minde betray .
If to his house I ever bore good will ,
And have obeyed *Augustus* pleasure still :

Tristia.

If I have prayed even in *Augustus* name,
If I have prayed even for his happy reign;
And offer'd incense in *Augustus* name:
If such my minde, then Gods from you I crave,
Some pitty, or else make the Sea my grave.
But stay, my thinks the Clouds away are blown,
And the seas vanquisht rage is overcome:
For these same Gods which I before implor'd,
Those Gods which I conditionally implor'd,
Being ne're deceived, do now their help afford.

ELEGIE. III.

*When that unhappy hour was come,
That he must now depart from Rome;
He shew's how his wife and friends lament,
His then approaching banishment.*

When I remember that same fatal night,
The last that I injoy'd the Cities sight;
Wherein I left each thing to mee most dear;
Then from mine eyes there slideth down a tear;
For when the morning once drew near that I,
By *Cæsars* sentence must leave *Italy*;
I had no minde to think upon the way,
My heavy heart did seek out all delay.
Servants, nor yet companions did I chuse,
Nor coin, nor cloathes, which banisht man might use;
I stood amaz'd like one by thunder struck,
Who lives, yet thinks that life hath him forsooke,
But when this cloud of sorrow was ore blown,
And all my senses were more able grown;
I bad farewell to each sad friend by name,
For now of many there did few remain.
My Wife wept, and me weeping did imbrace,
A shower of tears still raining on her face;

My

Lib. 1.

My daughter now was in the *Aphrick* land,
Nor of my sad fate could she understand.
Through all my house deep groans and sighes I hear;
As if some funeral solemnized were.
My wife, my children, and my self were mourners,
And private grief did vent it self in corners.
If humble sorrows great examples brook,
Such was the face of things when *Troy* was took.
It was the deepest silence of the night,
And *Luna* in her chariot shined bright:
When looking on the *Cappitols* high frame,
Which joyned was unto our house in vain:
You Gods (quoth I) whom these fair seats enfold,
And temples which I ne're shall more behold:
And all yee Gods of *Rome* whom I must leave,
These my last tendered prayers do you receive;
Though wounded I the buckler use too late,
Let exile ease mee of the peoples hate.
Tell *Cæsar* though I sin'd by ignorance,
There was no wickedness in my offence.
And as you know so let him know the same,
That so his wrath may be appeal'd again.
With larger prayers my wife did then beseech
The Gods until that sobs cut off her speech,
Then falling down with flowing hair long spred;
She kist the harth whereon the fire lay dead;
And to our pewates pourd forth many a word,
Which for her husband now no help afford,
Now growing night did haste delay again,
And *Artemis* now had turn'd about her Wain,
And loath was I to leave my countries sight,
Yet this for exile was my sentenc'd night.
If any urged my haste I would reply,
Alas, consider, whither, whence I flye.
And then my self with flattery would beguile,
And think no hour did limit my exile.

Tristium.

Thrice went I forth, and thrice returning finde,
Slow paces were indulgent to my minde.
Oft having bid farewell, I spake again,
And many parting kisses gave in vain.
Then looking back upon my children dear,
The same repeated charge I gave them there.
Why make we haste? 'tis just to seek delay,
Since I am sent from *Rome* to *Scythia*,
For I must leave my children, house, and wife,
Who while I live must lead a widdows life,
And you my loving friends that present be,
And were like *Theseus* faithful unto mee:
Let us imbrace, and use times little store,
Perhaps I never shall imbrace you more.
And then my words to action did give place,
While I each friend did lovingly imbrace,
But while I spake and tears bedew'd my eyes,
The fatal morning starre began to rise.
My heart was so divided therewithal,
As if my limbs would from my body fall.
So *Priam* griev'd when he too late did finde,
The *Grecian* Horse with armed men was lin'd,
Then sorrow was in one loud cry exprest,
And every one began to knock his breast;
And now my wife her armes about mee cast,
And while I wept, she spake these words at last;
Thou shalt not go alone, for I will bee
Thy wife in banishment and follow thee.
In the same ship with thee I'll go aboard,
And one land shall to us one life afford.
Thee unto exile *Cæsar*'s wrath commands,
Me love, which love to mee for *Cæsar*s stands.
This she repeats, which she had spoke before,
And could not be perswaded to give o're.
Till at the last when I my hair had rent,
Forth like some living Funeral I went.

And

And after (as I heard) when night grew on ;
 Being mad with grief, she threw her self along
 Upon the ground, while as her hair now lies,
 Soild in the dust, and when that shee did rise.
 She did bewail her gods, her self and all,
 And on her husbands name did often call.
 Grieving as much for this my late exile ,
 As if she saw me on the Funeral pile ;
 She wishes death her sorrows would relieve ,
 Yet then again for my sake she would live.
 And may she live while I obey my fate :
 And live to help me in this wretched state ,
 But now the keeper of the Beare was washt
 With waves which even to the Heavens flasht ;
 While we the *Ionian* seas now ploughing were ,
 Fear made us bold even in the midst of fear. -
 Alasse, the windes the seas in black adorne ,
 And with the beating waves the sand grew warme ,
 When streight a Sea o're Poope and sterne too came ,
 Washing those Gods were paainted on the same.
 And now the planks did groan, the ropes did crack ,
 As if the ship lamented her own wrack.
 Our masters palenes did confels his fear ,
 And knowing not what to do, gives o're to steare.
 And as a man unable to restrain
 A head-strong Horse, doth slack the bridle reine ,
 So he let loose the sails unto the Seas ,
 Leaving the ship to drive on where it please.
 And had not *Æolus* other winds straight sent ,
 We had been droven back from whence we went ,
Illyria being on our starboard hand ,
 We came in sight of the *Italian* Land.
 Cease then you winds to drive us on that shore ,
 'Tis *Cæsars* will we should go back no more.
 Thus fearing that which I did much desire ,
 The leaping waves did to the decks aspire.

Tristium.

Spare me ye Gods of seas some mercy show,
Let it suffice that *Cæsar* is my foe.
And let not death my weary soul invade.
If one already ruin'd may be sav'd.

ELEGIE IV.

*unto his friend whose love he found,
Constant when his fortune frown'd
And like a chimney hot to be,
In the winter of adversity.*

O Friend, thy love deserves the foremost place,
Who pittiedst mee as if 'twere thy own case :
For when I was assazied with my grief,
Thy gentle words did yield me great relief.
And didst perswade mee still to live, while I,
Wearied with sorrow did desire to dye.
And though by signes thy name I do conceal,
Yet whom I mean thy conscience will reveal.
And of thy true love I will mindeful be,
For I do owe my very life to thee.
My soul shall vanish into empty ayre,
My body to the funeral pile repair.
E're I forget thy love which I did finde,
Or time to make it slip out of my minde.
But may the easie Gods to thee incline,
And give a fortune farre unlike to mine.
Yet had my ship with gentle windes fail'd on,
Thy faithful love to mee had been unknown.
Pirithous Thessalus love could never know,
Till to the infernal waters they did go :
And Phocæus love had never been exprest,
Till madde *Orestes* furies him distrest.
And had *Eurialus* scap'd the daring foe,
Of *Nisus* love who should the story know;

For

Lib. I.

For as the fire the yellow gold doth try,
So love is proved by adversity.

While fortune helps us, and on us doth smile,
They will attend upon our wealth that while,
But if she frown, they flye, and scaice of any,
Shall he be known, that had of friends so many.
This which before, I from examples drew,
In my own fortune now is proved true.

Since of my friends so few remaining bee,
The rest did love my fortune and not mee.
Then let those few aid mee, distress'd the more,
And bring my ship with safety to the shore:
And let not any fear to be my friend,
Least that his love great *Caſar's* might offend.
For faſhunleſſe in friendſhip he doth love,
And in his enemis doth it approve.

My caſe is better, ſince that no attempt,
Gainſt him, but folly wrought my baniſhment.
Be watchful then in my behalf and ſee,
If that his anger may appeaſed bee.
If any wiſh I ſhould my griefs rehearſe,
They are too many to be ſhew'd in verſe.
My griefs are more than ſtares within the ſkies,
Or little motes whiſk from the dufi arife.
For to my ſorrows none can credit give,
Poſteſty will ſcaice the ſame believe.
Beſides thoſe other griefs which ought to have,
Within my ſecret thoughts a ſilent grave.
Had I a voyce and breast could ne're be tyr'd,
More mouths and tonguſ than ever grief deſir'd.
Yet could not I expreſſe the ſame in words,
My grief ſo large a theam to mee affords.
You learned Poets leave off now to write,
Uliſſeſ troubls, and my woes recite.
I ſuffered more: he wandred many years
In comming home from *Troy*, as it appears.

Triflum.

Wee saild so far to the *Sarmatian* shore,
Till wee discover'd stars unknown before.
With him a faithful troop of *Grecians* went,
My friends forsook mee in my banishment.
To bring him home his happy sails were spread,
While I even from my native country fled.
Nor do I sail from *Ithaca*, from whence,
It would not grieve mee to bee banisht thence:
But even from *Rome*, which doth the Gods enfold,
And from seven hills doth all the world behold.
Hee had a body hardned to endure,
To labour I my self did ne're inure,
In the stern warrs great pains hee daily took,
But I was still devoted to my book.
One God opposing mee, no God brought aide,
But him *Bellona* helpt the warlike Maid.
And since that *Neptune* is than *Jove* far less,
Him *Neptune*, but great *Jove* doth mee oppress.
Besides some fictions do his labours grace,
Which in our griefs sad story have no place.
And lastly though at last, his home hee found,
And landed on the welcome long sought ground.
But ne're shall I my native country see,
Until the angry Gods appeased bee.

ELEGIE V.

unto his wife whose faihful love,
And constancy hee doth approve.

A *Pollo Lyde* never lov'd so well,
Nor did *Philetas* love so much excell
To *Battis*, as my constant love to thee,
Worthy a husband that might happier be:
Thou helpedst mee when fortune did decline,
So if that I am any thing, 'tis thine.

And

Lib. I.

And none through thee, to spoil mee more were able,
Who wisht to see mee bear a shipwrack table.
For as the Wolf whom hunger doth make bold,
Doth dare to set upon the unwatcht fold ;
Or as the Vulture round about doth flye,
To see what Carkass doth unburied lye :
In the like manger some unfaithful hand,
Had seaz'd my goods, but that thou didst withstand ;
And by friends help didst frustrate his intent,
To whom I can no worthy thanks present.
This was a certain trial of thy love,
If any trial need the same approve.
Andromaches love to *Hector* when he fell
By stout *Achilles*, cannot parallel
Thine, more exprest to me in my sad fate,
Then was *Laodamiae* to her mate.
Hadst thou been *Homers* wife as thou art mine,
Thou shouldst in fanie *Penslope* out-shine.
Whether thou ow'st thy vertues to thy self,
And liberal nature did impart this wealth ;
Or else the example of some Matrons life,
Doth teach thee how to be a loyal wife ;
And so by custome made thee like to either ;
If things unequal may compare together.
Alas my verse hath now no strength to praise thee,
Nor to the height of thy deserts can raise thee :
And if we any lively vigour had,
Through length of misery it is now decay'd,
Else thy conspicuous vertues should appear,
Mongst women that for vertue famous were :
Yet if my verses any praise can give,
Within my verse thou shalt for ever live.

ELEGIE VI.

unto his friends who did engrave,
And on their Kings his Image have,

Tristium.

Those he wishes him to view,
In those verses which he drew.

THou that my Image wear'st in Rings exprest,
Let not my brow with Ivie wreathes be drest.
Such ensignes happy Poets may adorne,
No Garland on my temples must be worne.
Though you conceal it, yet you know 'tis true,
Who on your finger do mee often view.
And having made my counteifeit in gold,
Me in my banishment do so behold.
The sight whereof doth make thee to let fall
These words, How far is *Ovid* from us all?
I thank your love, but 'tis my verse which shews
My lively picture, therefore it peruse.
My verse which sings the changed shapes of men,
Which by my flight was left unperfect then.
Departing, these I with my hand at last
Into the fire with other riches cast.
As *Theseus* in the Brand her son did smother,
Being a better sister then a mother.
So I did cast those books into the flame,
Which by my fault had merited no blame.
Hating my Muse, which did my fault exclude,
Or else because my verse seem'd lame and rude.
But since I could not so destroy them quite,
But that some coppies yet are come to light.
Now may they live, and still delightful bee,
Unto the Reader put in minde of mee.
Yet they with patience can be read of none,
That to the world are uncorrected shown.
Snatch'd from the forge before they could be fram'd,
Deprived of my last life-giving hand.
For praise I pardon crave, it shall suffice,
If Reader thou do not my Verse despise.
Yet in the front these verses placed b.,

Lib. I.

If with thy liking it at least agree.
Who meets this Orphan Volume poore in worth,
Within your City harborage afford.
To win more favour, not by him set forth,
But ravish'd from the funeral of his Lord.
This therefore which presents its own defect,
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.

E L E G I E VII.

*To his unconstant friend, whose love
He findes doth now unconstant prove,
And like a Glow-worme seems to shine,
But yields no heat in hardest time.*

Let Rivers now flow back unto their Spring,
And let the Sun from West his course begin :
The earth shall now with shining stars be fill'd,
The skies unto the furrowing plough shall yeild.
The water shall send forth a smoaking flame,
The fire shall yield forth water back again.
All things shall go against old natures force,
And no part of the world shall keep his course.
This I presage because I am deceiv'd
Of him, whose love most faithful I believ'd.
What made thy hollow thoughts so soon reject me,
What did'st thou fear when fortune did afflict mee.
That thou would'st never comfort mee at all,
Or mourn at my living Funeral.
That name of friendship which should holy be,
Is not esteem'd or reckon'd of by thee.
What had it been to have seen a maim'd friend,
And with the rest some words of comfort lend ?
And if no tears for me thou couldst have shed,
With fained pity might'st have something fed.
Thou might'st have done as some who I ne're knew,
And in the common voyce have bid adiew :

Tristia.

And lastly, while thou mightest take the pain
To see my face ne're to bee seen again,
And might'st have then (which ne're shall more befall)
Give and receive a farewell last of all.
Which others did whom no strickt league did binde,
And made their tears the witness of their minde.
For were not we in love joyn'd each to other,
By length of time and living both together?
My busines and my sports were known to thee,
And so were thy affaers well known to mee.
Did not I know thee well at *Rome* of late,
Whom I for mirth-sake did associate?
Are these things vanisht into empty wind,
Drown'd in the *Lethe* of a faithles^s minde?
I do not think that thou wert born at *Rome*,
(Whither alas I never more shall come)
But on some Rock here in the *Pontick* land,
Or *Scythian* Mountains that so wildly stand,
And veins of flint are every where disperst.
In slender branches through thy Iron brest.
And sure thy Nurse some cruel *Tigar* was,
Who gavethee suck as shee along did pass:
Else thou hadst made my grief by application
Thy own, nor woldst thou need this accusation.
But since to encrease the burthen of my grief,
My first of miseries found such poor relief,
Repair this breach of love, that in the end
Thy now complain'd of love I may command.

E L E G I E VIII.

*He shewes his friend that vulgar love,
Is fortunes shadow, and doth move
With it; then does congratulate
His worth deserving better fate.*

Mayst thou live happy even till thou dye,
Who readst this work here with a friendly eye.,
And

And may my prayers unto the Gods not fail
For thee, which for my self did ne're prevail.
While thou art fortunate thou shalt have friends,
But in adversity their friendship ends.
Thou see'st how Doves to new-built houses come,
While as the ruin'd Tower all birds do shun.
The empty Barns no vermine ever haunt,
And no friend comes to him that is in want.
While the Sun shines, our shadows then will stay,
But when o're-casts, it vanishes away.
So do the people follow fortunes light,
Which clouded once, they vanish out of sight.
But may these truths to thee most false still seem,
Which by my ill chance have confirmed been.
A great resort of friends unto me came,
While I kept up my well-known house and name.
But when it fell, my ruine they did shun,
And all at once to fly from mee begun.
Nor do I wonder if they thunder fear,
That blasphemeth every thing it cometh near:
Yet a friend constant in adversity,
Cæsar approves even in his enemy.
Nor is he wont to be displeas'd to see,
Those that have lov'd once, still friends should bee.
Even *Troas* when that he *Orestes* knew,
Did praise that love which *Pilades* did shew.
And that *Patroclus* was *Achilles* friend,
Though in his foe brave *Hector* doth commend.
When *Theseus* went down with his friend to *Hell*,
Pluto was griev'd to see them love so well.
And *Turnus* did with tears commiserate,
Eurialus and *Nisus* dismal fate.
Friendship is in an enemy approv'd;
Yet how few with these words of mine are moy'd?
For such my state of fortune now appears,
I ought to keep no measure in my tears.

Tristium.

Yet though my own times are unfortunate,
They are made more clear even by thy better fate.
I saw dear friend, that this to thee would come,
When a less winde did drive thy ship along.
If spotlesse life deserve to be esteem'd,
No man deserveth more to be esteem'd
If liberal Arts can any man advance,
Thou mak'st each cause good by thy eloquence,
And now'd herewith I did to thee presage,
A glorious Scene upon the worldly stage.
Not thunder told me this, nor yet the sight
Of sheeps entrails, nor birds voyce or flight.
Reason did mee this augury afford,
When as I saw thy minde with vertue stor'd.
And now do gratulate this my divination,
In that thy vertues have such publication.
Would I had kept in darknesse out of sight
My studies, which I wish had ne're known light:
For as thy fame from eloquence doth grow,
So from my verse, my ruine first did flow.
Thou know'st my life, and how I did abstain
From those same Arts of Love which I did frame.
Thou know'st I writ it in my younger daies,
In jesting manner, not to merit praise.
Though I dare nothing urge in my defence,
I think I may excuse my late offence.
Excuse me then, nor e're forsake thy friend,
But as thou hast begun, so also end.

ELEGIE IX.

Ovid here his ship doth praise,
That carried him through many Seas.

Yellow Minerva doth my ship maintain,
Which of her painted Helmet bears the name.

For

Lib. I.

For with the least wind she will nimblly sail,
And go with Oares when as the wind doth fail.
She will out-sail her company out-right,
And fetch up any ship that is in sight.
She can endure the waves which on her beat,
Yet will she never open any leake.
I boarded her in the *Corinthian bay*,
From whence she stoulty brought me on my way.
By *Pallas* help, by whom she was protected,
Through many dangerous seas she was directed.
And may she now cut through the *Pomick strand*,
And bring me safely to the *Geick Land*.
Who when that she had carried me at last,
Through the *Ionian Seas*, when we had past
Along those coasts, we stood to the left hand,
And so we came unto the *Imbrian Land*.
Then with a gentle wind she sailed on,
And touch'd at *Samos* as she went along.
Upon the other side there stands a Wood,
Thus farre my ship did bring me through the flood.
Through the *Bistonians* fields on foot I went,
And then from *Hellespont* her course she bent.
For to *Dardania* she her course intended,
And *Lamysace* which *Priapus* defended.
So to the walls of *Cyzicon* she came,
Which the *Maenian* people first did frame.
Thence to *Constantinople* was her way,
Wheras two Seas do meet within one bay.
Now may my other ship with a strong gale,
Pass by the moving Isles; while she doth sail
By the *Thinnian* bay, while her course doth fall,
To come hard by *Anchiatus* high wall.
Then to *Messembria*, *Odeffon*, and the *Tower*,
Which is defended by God *Bacchus* power:
And to *Megara* which did first receive
Alcathous, who did his Country leave.

Tristium.

Soto *Miletus* which is the place assign'd,
To which by *Cesars* wrath I am confin'd.
Where for an offering of a greater price,
A Lambe to Pallas I will sacrifice.
And you two Brothers that are stellish'd,
I pray that you my ship may gently guide.
One ship to Cyanean Isles is bound,
The other goes to the *Bistonian* ground.
And therefore grant the winde may fitly stand,
To bring them safely to a diverse land.

ELEGIE X.

Unto the Reader here he shewes,
That he this first Book did compose
In his journey, and so doth crave
His pardon, if some faults it have.

Each letter that thou readest in this Book,
I did indite, while I my journey took.
And while I writ the Sea did mee enfold,
While I did tremble with *December's* cold.
Or when having past the *Isthmus* through the main,
We were enforced to take ship again.
I think it did amaze the *Cyclades*,
To see mee writing verses on the Seas.
I wonder too, that I with stormes of minde,
And waves opprest, could such invention finde.
For if that Poetry be nam'd a madness,
Yet it did ease my minde in mid'st of sadness.
Now by the stormy kids our ship was beaten,
Then *Sterope* did make the seas to threaten.
Artophylax did cloud the day again,
And Southern windes did bring down showers of rain.
The Sea leak'd in a pace, yet then I drew,
With trembling hand these verses here in view.

And

Lib. I.

And now the winds did whistle in the shrowds ,
The waves did seem to rise up to the clouds .
The Pilot lifting up his hands and heart
Besought the Gods for help, and left his *Art* :
Where e're I look, deaths shape behold I may ,
Which maketh mee at once, to fear, and pray .
The Havens sight would but encrease my fears ,
The Land more fearful then the Sea appears .
The fear of cruel men my thoughts doth trouble ,
The sword, and seas, do make my fears seem double .
For that would fain deprive mee of my breath ,
And this would have the glory of my death .
On the left hand a barbarous Nation steed ,
Who do delight in slaughter, warre, and blood :
And while the waves do give the sea no rest ,
The sea is not more troubled than my breast .
So that the Reader ought to pardon these
Few lines of mine, if that they do not please .
I writ them not within my garden *Arboar* ,
Or while my bed my weary limbs did harbour .
But on our ship the angry waves did beat ,
And the blew water did my paper wet .
Winter grew angry for to see me write ,
Vwhile he in threatening stormes did shew his might .
I yield to him, and may his stormy weather ,
Here with my verse be ended both together .

LIB. II.



L I B. II.

*unto Cæsar he excuses
Himself, and condemns his Muses.
And many Poets doth recite,
Who in their times did loosely write ;
Yet in that age were never sent,
Though like in fault, to banishment.*

VHat have I to do with you my unhappy book?
On whom as on my ruine I must look.
Why do I returne unto my Muse again,
Is't not enough one punishment to obtain.
It was my verse that first did overthrow mee,
And made both men, and women wish to know mee.
It was my verse did make great Cæsar deem,
My life to be such, as my verse did seem.
Amongst my chieffest faults I must chearfe,
My love of study, and my looser verse.
In which while I my fruitless labour spent,
I gained nothing but sad banishment.
Those learned Sisters I shold therefore hate,
Who their adores still do ruinate.
Yet such my madnesse is, that folly arms mee,
To strike my foot against that stome that harmes mee ;
Even as some beaten Fencer after tries
To re-gain honour, by a second Prize.
Or as some torne ship that newly came
To shore, yet after stands to sea agaun.
Perhaps as *Telephus* was heiled by a sword,
So that which hurt me shall like help afford.
And that my verse his moy'd wrath may appease,
Since verses have great power the Gods to please.
Cæsar hath bidden each *Italian* Dame,
To sing some verses to great *Opis* name :

And

Lib. I.

And unto *Phœbus* when he set forth plaiers,
To him once seen within an age of daies.
So may my verse great *Cæsars* now obtain,
By examples to appease thy wrath again.
Just is thy wrath, which I will ne're deny,
Such shameful words, from my mouth do not flye:
And this offence makes mee for pardon crie,
Since faults are objets of thy clemencie.
Jove would be soon disarm'd, if he should send,
His thunder-bolts as oft as men offend.
Now though his thunders make the world to fear,
It breaks the clouds, and makes the aire more clear:
Whom therefore father of the Gods we name,
Than *Jove*, none greater doth the world contain.
Thou *Pater Patriæ* too art call'd, then be,
Like to those Gods in name and clemencie.
And so thou art, for no more moderate hand,
Could hold the reines of Empire and command:
Thy enemie once overcome in field
Thou pardon'st, which he victor would not yeild.
And soe thou did'st with honours dignifie,
That have attempted 'gainst thy majestie.
Thy warres on one day did begin and cease,
While both sides brought their offerings unto peace:
That as the Victor in the vanquisht Foe,
The vanquisht in the victor glорied so.
My case is better since I ne're did joyne,
With those who did in arms 'gainst thee combine.
By Sea, by Earth, and *Stygian* Gods I swear,
And by thy self whose God-like power I fear.
My thoughts, though wanting me ans to be exprest,
As faithful were, as those who most protest.
For I did joyne my frequent prayers with them,
That thou might'st here long wear thy Diadem.
And for thy safety made a poor expence,
To please the Gods with offered Frankincense,

Besides,

Tristium.

Besides, those faulty books of mine contain,
In many places thy most sacred name.
And if thou would'st that worke of mine peruse
Of changed shapes, snatcht from my banisht Muse ;
In it thy name still mention'd thou shalt finde,
And many things which shew my humble minde.
For though my hapless Muse cannot aspire,
To raise thy fame and glorie any higher ;
Jove's pleas'd when we his glorious acts rehearse,
And make him bee the subject of our verse.
And when we do the Giants warres recite,
In his own praises he doth sure delight.
Others may celebrate thy sacred name,
And sing thy praises in a fluent veine.
Though we an hundred Bulls do sacrifice,
The Gods the smallest gifts do not despise.
But oh ! more cruel then a foe was he,
Who first did shew my wanton lines to thee.
Lest that my verses which thy fame do spread,
Might so with equal favour now be read.
Yet thou being angry, who durst love professe,
For I did hate my self in my distress,
As in some falling house the heavy weight,
The first declining postes oppresses streight.
So when that fortune an estate doth rend,
All things by their own weight to ruine tend.
The people likewise hate me for my books.
And so compose themselves unto thy looks.
Yet I remember in my younger daies,
My life and martines thou didst often praise.
For though unthriving honesty obtain
No honour, yet no crime did soile my fame.
The Defendants cause sometimes in hand I took,
On which the hundred Senators should look.
And when I private matters did compound,
Each side the justice of my sentence found.

And

And if at last I had not thus offended,
I know thou hast me formerly commended.
This last destroyes me, sinks my ship below
The waves, which often did in safety go.
Nor did some small and little wave distress mee,
But a whole Ocean did at once oppresse mee.
Alas, why have my eyes thus hapless been,
To give me knowledge of a private sin.

Aeneas did *Diana* naked spie,
And yet for this he by his hounds did die.
Though fortune did offend in this, not he,
Yet errors 'gainst the Gods must punisht be.
Even so that day that error me betray'd,
A small, but not ignoble house decay'd.
Yet such as from antiquity hath shewn,
Armes that have been inferiour unto none.
Not Wealthy, nor yet e're with want disgrac'd,
But with the houses of the Gentry plac'd.
And if my house had borne an humble name,
It had been famous by my fluent veine.
Which though I us'd more lightly then became,
Yet all the world beareth up my name.
The learned too have *Naso* known, nor fear
To place him with those that renowned were.
Yet now this house which by my Muse was rais'd,
Is by one fault of mine again disgrac'd.
Yet fallen so as it it self may rear,
If *Cæsar*'s wrath would once more milde appear.
Whose mercie in my sentence was exprest,
Farre short of that my fear did first suggest,
Whose anger reacht not to this life of ours,
But with great mildness us'd thy Princely powers.
And thou my forfeit goods to mee did'st give,
And with my life did'st grant me means to live.
Nor by the *Senates* sentence was I sent,
Or private judgement into banishment,

Tristium.

But didst thy self pronounce those heavie words,
Whose execution full revenge affords.
Besides, thy Edict forcing my exile,
Did with great favour my late fault entitle.
Whereby I am not banisht but confinde,
And misery is in gentle words assign'd.
For there's no punishment though ne're so strict,
Can more than thy displeasure me afflict.
Yet sometimes angry Gods appeased are,
And when the Clouds are gone, the day is fair.
I have seen the Ealmi loaden with Vines again,
That had before been stricken by Joves flame:
Therefore Ile hope, since thou canst not deny
To grant me this even in my misery.
Thy mercy makes me hope, till I reflect
Upon my fault, which doth all hope reject:
And as the rage of Seas by winds incens'd,
Is not with equal fury still commenc'd:
But that sometimes a quiet calm it hath,
And seems to have laid by his former wrath:
Even so my various thoughts do make me fare,
Now calm'd by hope, then troubled with despair.
By those same Gods that grant thee long to reign,
That thou maist still maintain the Romane name.
And by thy Countrie happie in thy fate,
Where I a subject were of thine of late.
May so the City render thee due love,
For thy great acts which do thy minde approve.
So may thy *Livia* live here many years,
Who only worthie of thy love appears.
Whom nature kept for thee, else there had been,
None worthie to have been thy Royal Queen.
So may thy Son grow up, and with his father,
Rule this same Empire happily together.
And by his acts and thine, which time can't hide,
May both your off-springs so bee stell'd.

May victory so accustom'd to thy Tent,
Come to his colours, and her self present,
And flye about him with displayed wings,
While she a Laurel wreath to crown him brings.
To whom thou dost thy warres command resign,
And givest him that fortune that was thine.
While thou thy self at home in peace dost reigne,
Thy other self doth forraign Warres maintain.
May he return a victor o're his foe,
And on his plumed horse in triumph go.
Oh spare me therefore ! and do now lay by
Thy Thunder, which hath bred my misery.
Spare me thou *Pater Patriæ*, let that name,
Give me some hope, to please thee once again.
I sue not to repeal my banishment,
Though unto greater futes the Gods assent.
For if thou wouldest some milder place assign
Of exile, it would ease this grief of mine.
For here I suffer even the worst of woes,
While I do live amongst the barbarous foes.
Being sent unto *Danubius* seven-fold stream,
Whereas *Calisto* drives her frozen Team.
And while the silver waves do gently slide,
The *Colchians* from the *Getes* can scarce divide,
And though for greater faults some are proscrib'd,
Yet none in farther banishment abide.
Beyond this, nought but cold and foes remain,
And seas that are bound with an Icy Chain.
Part of the *Euxine* sea which *Rome* commands
Runs here, and then below *Sarmatia* stands,
Here doth the spreading *Romane Empire* end,
Whose utmost bounds do hither scarce extend.
This makes me pray to be removed hence,
A peaceful exile granting my offence.
Nor with those people may a captive bide,
Who once enrag'd the *Ister* can't divide.

Tristium.

Besides, a free-born *Romane* cannot be,
By forraigne hands held in captivity.
Though two faults, verse, and errour me opprest,
The latter shall in silence be supprest.
I am unworthy to renew thy wound,
O Cæsar, by which I the smart have found.
But of my fault they urge a second part,
In that I taught Loves wanton idle Art.
I see that humane acts the Gods deceive,
My fault is not such as thou dost believe.
For as great *Jove* that heaven beholding sits,
No leisure unto small affairs admits,
So when this under *Orbe* thou dost o're-look,
Thy royal thoughts not meaner cares do brook.
As that thou shouldst (my leige) have so much leisure,
To read my verse, fram'd with unequal measure.
It seems the weight of the *Romane* name does lye,
Not on thy shoulders very heavily.
That thou wouldest deigne to marke those idle lines;
And view what I had writ at idle times.
Now thou rebelling *Hungary* dost tame,
While as the *Thracians* menace arms again.
The *Armenians* seeking peace, the *Parthian* shows,
His spreading colours, and do bend their bows.
Germany feels thy valour in thy Sonne,
While *Cæsars* foes, young *Cæsar* doth o're-come.
And lastly, through thy Empires large extention,
No part doth fall away through thy prevention.
The City and the Laws thou dost defend,
And by example dost thy subjects mend.
Nor with thy people dost thou live at ease,
When by thy warres thou settest them in peace.
'Mongt such affairs I wonder thou hadst time
For to peruse those Idle jests of mine.
Or if thou readst them with a quiet thought,
I wish that in my art thou hadst read no fault.

It was not for severer judgements writ,
 And for thy princely view it was unfit.
 Yet such as doth not 'gainst thy laws offend,
 Or wanton rules to marryed Wives commend.
 And least thou doubt to whom they written were,
 In one book of the three, these verses are.
 Away all you whose fillets binde your haire :
 And you that ankle-touching garments weare :
 The lawful scapes of love we here rehearse,
 That so there may be no fault in my verse.
 What though we banish from this Art all such
 As the robe and fillet bids us not to touch.
 Yet may the Matron use another art,
 And draw from thence what I did ne'r impart.
 Let the Matron then not read, for she may finde,
 Matter in all verse to corrupt her minde.
 What e're she touches, she that delights in ill
 Of vices knowledge sho may learne the skill.
 Let her the *Annales* take (though most severe)
 The fault of *Ilia* will thereby appear.
 And in the *Aeneads* read as in the other,
 How wanton *Venus* was *Aeneas* mother.
 And I will shew beneath in every kinde,
 That there's no verse but may corrupt the minde.
 Yet every book is not for this to blame,
 Since nothing profits but may hurt again.
 Than fire what better, yet he that doth desire
 To burne a house, doth arme himself with fire.
 Health-giving physick, health doth oft empaire,
 Some hearbs are wholesome, and some poysen are.
 The thief and traveller swords wear, to th' end,
 Th'one may assault, the other may defend.
 Though eloquence should plead the honest cause,
 It may defend the guilty by the laws.
 So if my verse be read with a good minde,
 Thou shalt be sure in it no hurt to finde.

Triflum.

He therefore errcs who led by self-conceit,
Doth mis-interpret whatsoever I write.
Why are there Cloisters? wherein Maids do walk,
That with their Lovers they may meet and talk.
The Temple though most sacred let her shun,
That with an evil minde doth thither come,
For in *Joves* temple her thoughts will suggest,
How many Maids by *Jove* have been opprest:
And think in *Juno*'s temples when shees praying,
How *Juno* injur'd was by *Joves* oft straying;
And *Pallas* seen, she thinks some faulty birth,
Made her to hide *Erithon* born of earth:
If she come to *Marses* temple, o're the gate,
There standeth *Venus* with her cunning mate.
In *Isis* temple, she revolveth how,
Poor *Io* was transform'd into a Cow.
And something then her wandring fancy moves,
To think of *Venus* and *Anchoris* loves.
Jasus and *Ceres* next her thoughts incite,
And pale *Endimion* the Moons favourite:
For though these statues were for prayer assign'd,
Yet every thing corruptis an evil minde,
And my first leaf bids them not to read that Art,
Which I to Harlots only did impart.
And since in maidens it is thought a crime,
For to presc farther than the Priests assign:
Is she not faulty then, who not forbears
To read my verses, prohibited chaste eares?
Matrons to view those pictures are content,
Which various shapes of vneyry present?
And Vestal Virgins do peruse the same,
For which the Author doth receive no blame.
Yet why did I that wanton vein approve?
Why doth my Book perswade them unto love?
It was my fault which I do here confels,
My wit and judgement did therein transgresſ.

Why

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Lib. 3.

Why did not I of Troyes sad ruin tell,
(That vexed theme) which by the *Gracians* fell.
Or *Thebes* seaven gates which severally kept,
VVhere by mutual wounds those brothers dy'd and slept.
An ample subje^t wa^tlike *Rome* afforded,
Whose acts I might have piously recorded.
And though great *Cæsars* deeds abroad are known,
Yet by my verse some part I might have shwon:
For as the Suns bright rayes do draw the sight,
So might thy acts my willing Muse incite.
Yet 'twas no fault to plough a little field,
Knowing that theme doth fertile matter yeild.
For though the Cock-boat through the Lake do row,
She dar^t not venture unto sea to go.
This I did fear, for though my lighter vein,
To frame some slender measures can attain;
Yet had I took to write the *Gyanis* war,
That work for me had been too heavy far.
Those happy wits of *Cæsars* acts may tell,
Whose high strain'd lines his acts can parallel.
And though I once attempted such an act,
Me thought my verse did from thy worth detract.
Then to my Youthful Layes I went again,
And writ of love, under a fained name.
The fates did draw me 'gainst my own intent,
By writing to obtain a banishment.
Why learnt I by my parents care, or why
Did tempting books detain my busie eye?
For this thou hat^t me, since thou dost distrust,
I taught by art how to solicite lust.
When I to wifes no theft of love did show,
How could I teach what I did never know?
For though some smooth soft verses I did frame,
No ill report could ever wound my fame.
Nor can some husband of the vulgar rank,
For being mad; a doubtful father, thank

Tristium.

My verse, by which my thoughts are not exprest,
My life is modest, though my muse love jest.
Besides, my works are Fictions, and do crave
Some liberty, which their Authour may not have.
Nor do books shew the minde, whose chief intention,
Is to delight the ear with new invention.
Should *Accius* cruel be, *Terence* delight
In bankets, and all warriours who do write
Of warres, and lastly some have love-layes fram'd,
Who though like faulty, yet are not like blam'd.
What did the harping old man teach in ryme.
But to steepe *Venus* in the heat of Wine?
And *Sappho* doth instruct maids how to love,
Yet he nor *Sappho* no man doth reprove.
Who blames *Battiades* that abus'd his leisure?
In wanton verse to set forth his own pleasure.
Menanders pleasant merry tales of love,
The haimlesse thoughts of virgins do approve.
What do the *Illiads* shew, but warres sad shape,
In the regaining an adulterous rape.
And how *Achilles* Cryses love enflam'd,
And how the *Grecians* Hellen back regain'd.
The Odysses shew how in a wooing strife,
Those sutors vainly sought *Ulysses* wife.
And *Homer* tells how *Ares* and *Venus* ty'd
In close embraces, by the Gods were spy'd.
Whom but from *Homer* could we ever know,
How two fair Ladies lov'd a stranger so?
The tragedies in stateliness excel,
Yet those of loves affairs do often tell
Hippolitus was loved of his mother,
And fair *Canace* did affect her brother.
When *Menelaus* Hellen bore away,
Cupid did drive the chariot on that day.
VVhen in the Childrens blood the mother dyes
The sword, this act from frantick love did rise.

Love

Love to a *Lapwing* chang'd the *Thracian King*,
 And fitted *Progne* with a *Swallows wing*.
 And 'twas a brothers love that did affright,
 The *Sun*, and made him for to hide his light.
 Never should *Scylla* on the stage appear.
 But that love made her clip her fathers hair.
 And who so reads *Orestes* frantick fears,
 Of murthered *Pyrrhus* and *Ægisthus* heares.
 What name I him did the *Chimæra* tame?
 Whose treachorous hostels sought his life in vain.
 What of *Hermione* or the *Arcadian Maid*.
Phœbe whose course the *Latmian* lover staid.
 Or what of *Danae*, by *Jove* a mother grown,
 And *Hercules* got, in two nights joyn'd in one.
 To these adde *Yole*, *Pyrrhus* and that Boy,
 Sweet *Hylas*, with *Paris*, fire-brand unto *Troy*.
 And should I here recite loves tragick flames,
 My book would scarce contain their very names.
 Thus tragedies to wanton laughter bend,
 And many shameful words in them they blend.
 Some blameless have *Achilles* acts defac'd,
 And by soft measures have his deeds disgrac'd.
 Though *Aristides* his own faults compil'd,
 Yet *Aristides* was not straight exil'd.
Eubinus did write an impure history,
 And does describe unwholesome venery.
 Nor he that *Sybaris* luxuries composed,
 Nor he that his own sinful acts disclosed.
 These in the libraries by some bounteous hand,
 To publick use do there devoted stand.
 By strangers pens I need not seek defence,
 Our own bookes with such liberty dispence.
 For though grave *Ennius* of wars tumults writ,
 Whose artless works do shew an able wit.
 The cause of fire *Lucretius* doth explain,
 And shews how three causes did this world frame.

Triflum.

Wanton *Catullus* yet his Muse did taske,
To praise his Mistresse, whom he then did maske
Under the name of *Lesbia*, and so strove,
In verse to publish his own wanton love.
And with like licence *Calvus* too assayes,
For to set forth his pleasure divers waies.
Why should I mention *Memnon*s wanton vein?
Who to each filthy act doth give a name.
And *Cinna* striving by his verse to please
Corificus, may well be rank'd with these.
And he that did command to after fame,
His love disguised by *Metellus* name.
And he that failed for the fleece of gold,
His secret thefts of love doth oft unfold.
Hortensius too, and *Servius* writ as bad,
Who'd think my fault so great examples had?
Seneca Ariesides works translates,
And oft in wanton jests expatiates.
For praising *Lycoris*, none doth *Gallus* blame,
If that his tongue in wine he could contain.
Tibullus writes that womens oathes are winde,
Who can with outward shews their husbands blinde.
Teaching them how their keepers to beguile,
While he himself is cousen'd by that wile.
That he would take occasion for to try
Her ring, that he might touch her hand thereby.
By private tokenes he would talk sometime,
And on the table draw a wanton signe:
Teaching what oyles that blewnelle shall expel,
Which by much kissing on their lips doth dwell,
And unto husbands do strickt rules command,
If they be honest, wives will not offend.
And when the dog doth bark, to know before,
That 'tis their Lover that stands at the door.
And many notes of Love-thefts he doth leave.
And teacheth wives their husbands to deceive.

Yet

Lib. 2.

Yet is *Tibullus* read and famous grown,
And unto thee great *Cæsar* he was known.
And though *Propertius* did like precepts give,
Yet his clear fame doth still unstained live.
To these did I succeed, for I'le suppreſſe
Their names who live, and faulty are no leſſe.
I fear'd not where ſo many ſhips had paſt,
That my poor bark ſhould ſhipwrakt be at laſt.
For ſome do ſhew the Art to play at diceſ,
Which was in former times eſteem'd a vice.
And how to make the dice ſtill higher runne,
And ſo the little looſing Ace to ſhunne.
Or how to caſt and ſtrike a Dye again.
To run that chance which any one shall name.
And how at Drafts a crowned King to make,
And play your man where none the ſame can take.
To know to chafe, and to retire, and then
In flying how to back your man again.
And ſome the game of threeſtanes likewiſe show,
Where he does win that brings them on a row.
Others in ſundry games like pains do take,
Wherin we loſe our time to win a ſtake.
And ſome of Tennis-play do alſo ſing,
And do instruct us how by art to ſwim.
Here one the ſecrets of face-drugs diſcloses,
Another lauſ of crowned feaſts composes.
And the beſt day he likewiſe doth aſſign.
And what Cups do become the ſparkling wine.
And in December merry rymes are ſung,
By which the Winter doth ſustain no wrong.
So I to write ſome merry verſes meant,
Which straight were puniſh't with ſad baniſhment.
Of all theſe former writers there was none,
Whose Muſe did ruine him, but I alone.
If I had jested in ſome Mimmick vein,
Which wanton Scenes of love doth ſtill contain.

Tristium.

In which the Lover does come forth to wooc,
And wanton wifes do cheat their husbands too :
Yet these, Maids, Matrons, and old men delight,
And 'fore the Senate acted are by night.
Whose wanton language doth the ear prophane.
Making loose offers at those acts of shame.
When husbands are beguil'd by pretty waies,
They applaud the Poet, and do give him bayes.
He gains by being punish'd for his crimes,
And makes the Praetor pay more for his lines.
And when (great Cesar) thou dost set forth playes,
The Poet's pay'd, that did the plot first raise.
Which thou beholdest, and hast set out to view,
Whereby thou dost thy gracious mildnesse shew.
And with those eyes which make the world to fear,
Thou saw'st the Scenes of love that acted were.
If Mimmicks may write in a wanton strain,
Why should my verse such punishment obtain ?
Are they by licence of the stage protect'd ?
Which makes the Mimmicks bawdy jests affected.
My poems too have made the people rise,
To help attention with their greedy eyes.
Though in your house the lively pictures stand,
Of Noblemen drawn by the painters hand.
Yet have you wanton tables hanging by,
Vvhich shew the divers shapes of venery.
Though you have *Ajax* picture full of ire,
And fierce *Medea* with her eyes like fire.
Yet *Venus* seems to dry her moistned hair,
As if from sea she newly did repair.
Let others of warres bloody tumults write,
And of thy acts which learned pens invite.
Nature hath scanted me and doth restrain,
To meaner subjects this my humble vein.
Yet *Virgi* who is read with much delight,
Doth of the acts of brave *Aeneas* write.

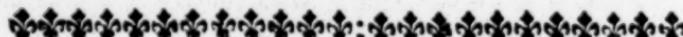
And

Lib. 2.

And no part is with greater favour read,
Then where he brings him to Queen Dido's bed.
Yet in his youth he did commend fair *Phillis*,
And sports himself in praising *Amarillis*.
And though I formerly in that same vein
Offended, yet I now do bear the blame.
I had writ verses, when before thee I,
Amongst the other horse-nien passed by.
And now my age doth even bear the blame
Of those things which my younger years did frame,
My faulty bookes are now reveng'd at last,
And I am punish'd for a fault that's past.
Yet all my works are not so light and vain,
Sometimes I lanch'd into the deeper main.
And in sixe books *Romes* holiadaies have shew'd,
Where with the Month each Volume doth conclude.
And to thy sacred name did dedicate
That worke, though left unperfect by my fate.
Besides, I stately *Tragedies* have writ,
And with high words the *Tragick* stile did fit :
Besides, of changed shapes my muse did chant,
Though they my last life-giving hand did want.
And would thy anger were but so appeas'd,
As that to read my verse thou wouldest be pleas'd :
My verse, where from the infant birth of things,
My Muse her work unto thy own time brings.
Thou shouldest behold the strength of every line,
Wherein I strive to praise both thee and thine.
Nor are my verses mingled so with gall,
As that my lines should be Satyrical.
Amongst the vulgar people none yet found,
Themselves once touch'd, my Muse my self doth wound,
Therefore each generous minde I do believe.
Will not re joyce, but at my ill fate grieve.
Nor yet will tryumph o're my wretched state.
Who ne're was proud even in my better fate.

Tristium.

O therefore let these reasons change thy minde,
That in distres I may thy favour finde,
Not to return, though that perhaps may be,
When thou in time at last ma ist pardon me.
But I intreat thee to remove me hence,
To safer exile fitting my offence.



L I B. III.

*The Book doth to the Reader shew,
That he is loath to come to view;
And tels how he was entertain'd
By some, while others him disdain'd.*

I Am that Book who fearfully do come,
Even from a banisht man to visit *Rome* :
And coming weary from a forraign land,
Good Reader let me rest within thy hand.
Do not thou fear or be ashame'd of me,
Since no love verses in this paper be.
My Master now by fortune is opprest,
It is no time for him to write in jest ;
Though in his youth he had a wanton vein,
Yet now he doth condemn that wolk again.
Behold ! here's nothing but sad mourning lines,
So that my verse agreeeth with his times.
And that my second verse is lame in strength,
Short feet do cause it, or the journeys length.
Nor are my rough leaves cover'd o're with yellow,
For I my authors fortune mean to follow.
And though some blots my clearer letters stain,
Know that my authors tears did make the same.
If thou my language scarcely understand,
Know that he writ me in a barbarous land.

There-

Lib. 3.

Therefore good Reader teach me where to go ;
Some place of rest unto a strange book shew.
This having said, with words which grief made flow,
One ready was the way to me to show.
I thankt him, and did pray the Gods that he ,
Might like my Master never banisht be.
Lead on, and I will follow by thy hand ;
Though I am tir'd with passing sea and land.
He did consent, and as we went,quoth he ,
This is the holy street which thou dost see.
Here's *Vestaes* Temple that keeps holy fire ,
Here *Nama*'s lofty pallace doth aspire :
Here is *Evanders* gate, and now you come ,
Unto that place where they first builded *Rome*.
And then quoth I, this is the house of *Jove* ,
This oaken crown doth my conjecture prove.
He told me it was *Cesars*, nay then, quoth I ,
I see great *Jove* dwells here in Majesty ,
Yet why doth Bayes upon the gates appear ?
And thus incircle *Cesars* statue here ?
Is it because his house doth merit praise ?
And is beloved of the God of Bayes.
Or doth it now denote a Festival ?
In token of that peace he gives to all.
Or as the Lawrel evermore is green ,
So still his house most flourishing hath been .
Or do those letters on the wreath engrav'd ,
Shew that the City by his power was sav'd.
Oh *Cesar* ! save one Citizen at last ,
Who now into the utmost world is cast.
Where he sad punishment doth still sustain ,
Which he by error only did obtain.
Alas while I view *Cesars* pallace here ,
My letters seem to quake with trembling fear.
Dost thou not see my paper does look pale ,
And how my trembling feet begin to fail ?

Tristium.

I pray that this same house which now I see,
May to my master reconciled be.
From thence we to *Apollo's* Temple went,
To which by steps there is a fair ascent.
Where stand the signes in fair outlandish stone,
Of *Betus* and of *Palammed* the sonne.
There ancient books, and those that are more new,
Do all lye open to the readers view.
I sought my brethren there, excepting them,
Whose haplesse birth my father doth condemn.
And as I sought, the chief man of that place,
Bid me be gone out of that holy space.
I went to Temples to the Theater joyn'd.
But here no entertainment could I finde,
Nor could I come unto the outward yard,
Which unto learned books is not debar'd,
We are heirs unto mis-fortune by descent,
And we his children suffer banishment.
Perhaps when time doth *Cesar's* wrath subdue,
He will to him and us some favour shew.
Since for the peoples help I do not care,
O Cesar hearken to my earnest prayer.
Since publick stalls are unto me deay'd,
In some private corner I my self may hide.
And you *Plebeians* take in hand again,
My verses which you once repuls'd with shame.

ELEGIE II.

In Swan-like tunes he doth deplore
His exile, and knocks at the door
Of death, desiring hasty fate,
His wretched life would terminate.

WAs it my fate that I should *Scythia* see,
And the land whose Zenith is the Axle-tree?
And would not you sweet Muses nor *Apollo*,
Help me, who did your holy rites still follow?

Could

Lib. 3.

Could not my harmelss verses me excuse,
And life more serious then my jesting Muse.
But that I must when I the seas had past,
Unto the Portick land be brought at last.
And I that still my self from care with-drew,
Loving soft ease, and no rough labour knew.
Having past great dangers both by sea and land,
Here worst of miseries is by me sustain'd.
Yet I endure these evils, for I finde,
My body doth receive strength from my minde.
And in my passage to my sad exile,
I with my studie did my cares beguile.
But when I did my journies end attain,
And that unto the hated shore I came:
Then from mine eyes a showre of tears did flow,
Like water running from the melted snow.
And then my house and *Rome* comes in my minde,
And every thing that I had left behinde.
Alas that I should knock still at the grave,
To be let in, yet can no entrance have.
Why have I still escaped from the sword?
Could not the sea to me a death afford?
You Gods who constant are in your just ire,
And do with *Cæsar* in revenge conspire.
I do beseech you hasten on my fate,
And bid death open unto me the gate.

E L E G I E. III.

He lets his wife here understand,
Of his sicknesse in a forraign land.
Then writes his Epitaph, with intent
To make his Books his monument.

THAT this my Letter by a strangers hand
Is writ, the cause, my sickness understand.
For in the worlds farthest part I lye
Sick, and uncertain of recovery

What

Tristium.

What comfort can within that climate shine,
On which the *Getes* and *Sauramats* confine?
My nature does not with the soile agree,
The air and water does seem strange to me,
My shelter poor, my diet here is bad,
No health-restoring physick can be had.
No friend to comfort me, who will aslay,
With some discourse to passe the time away.
But here upon my bed of sicknelle cast,
I think of many things which now are past.
And thou my dearest wife above the rest,
Dost hold the chiefest place within my breast.
Thy absent name is mentioned still by me,
And every day and night I think on thee.
Sometimes I speake things without sense or wit,
That I may name thee in my frantick fit.
If I should swound, and that no heating wine,
Could give life to this faultring tongue of mine.
To hear of thy approach would make me live,
Thy very presence would new vigour give.
Thus I most doubtful of my life am grown,
But thou perhaps liv'st merrily at home.
No, I dare say, that thou my dearest wife,
Dost in my absence lead a mourning life.
Yet if the number of my years be done,
And that my hasty thread of life is spun.
You Gods you might with ease have let me have,
Within my native land a happy grave,
If that you would have let my death prevent,
My fatal journey unto banishment.
Then had I dy'd in my integrity,
But now I here a banish'd man must dye.
And shall I here resigne my weary breath,
The place makes me unhappy in my death.
Upon my bed I shall not fall asleep,
And none upon my Coffin here shall weep.

Not

Nor shall my wives tears, while that they do fall
Upon my face, me unto life recall.
I shall not make my will, nor with sad cries
No friendly hand shall close my dying eies.
Without a Tombe or Funeral I shall be,
While as the barbarous earth doth cover me.
Which when thou heatest, be not with grief opprest,
Nor do not thou for sorrow beat thy breast.
Why shouldst thou wring thy tender hands in vain?
Or call upon thy wretched husbands name?
Tear not thy cheeks, nor cut thy hair for me,
For I am not (good wife) now took from thee.
When I was banisht then I dy'd, alas!
For banishment than death more heavy was.
Now I would have thee to rejoyce (good wife)
Since all my grief is ended with my life.
And bear thy sorrows with a valiant heart:
Mis-haps have taught thee how to play thy part.
And with my body may my soul expire,
That so no part may scape the greedy fire.
For if to Pythagoras we may credit give,
Who saith the soul eternally doth live:
My soul 'mongst the Sarmatick shades shall stray,
And to the cruel ghosts ne't finde the way.
Yet let my ashes be put in an Urn,
So being dead I shall again return.
This lawful is, the Theban being dead,
His loving sister saw him buried.
And let sweet powders round my bones be laid,
And so into some secret place convey'd;
Graving these Verses on a Marble stone,
In Letters to be read by every one.
• *I Ovid, that did write of wanton Love,*
• *Lye here, my Verse my overthrow did prove.*
• *Thou that hast been in Love, and passest by,*
• *Pray still that Ovids bones may safely lye.*

Tristium.

This Epitaph shall suffice, since my books bee,
A far more lasting Monument to mee.
Which though they hurt mee, yet shall raise my name,
And give their Authour everlasting fame.
Yet let thy love in Funeral gifts bee shew'd,
And bring sweet Garlands with thy tears be-dew'd.
Those ashes which the funeral fire shall leave,
Will in their Urn thy pious love perceive.
More would I write, but that my vayce is spent,
Nor can my dry tongue speak what I invent.
Then take my last words to thee; live in health,
Which though I send to thee, I want my self.

ELEGIE IV.

*Ovid doth his friend advise,
A life of greatness to despise.
Since Thunder doth the bill assaile,
While quiet peace lives in the vail.*

MY alwaies dearest friend, but then most known,
When I by adverse Fortune was o're-thrown.
It thou wilt take the Councel of a friend,
Live to thy self, do not too high ascend.
Since Thunder from the highest Tower doth come,
Live to thy self, and glittering titles shun.
For though the beams of greatness may us warme,
Yet greatest men have greatest power to haeme.
The naked sail-yard fears no storms at all,
And greater sails more dangerous are than small.
The floating Corke upon the waves doth swim,
While heavy Lead doth sink the Net therein.
Of these things had some friend admonisht mee,
Perhaps I had been still at *Rome* with thee.
While as a gentle winde did drive mee on,
My boat through quiet streams did run along.

Hec

Lib. 3.

Hee that by chance doth fall upon the plain,
He falleth so that he may rise again.
But when *Elpenor* from a high house fell,
His ghost went down to *Pluto* King of Hell.
Though *Dedalus* his wings did him sustain,
Yet falling *Icarus* gave the Sea his name.
Because that he flew high, the other low,
While both of them their wings abroad did throw.
The man that unto solitude is bent,
Doth live most happie if he be content.
Eumenes of his Son was not deprived,
Until that hee *Achilles* Horses guided.
And *Phaethon* had not dyed in the flame,
If that his Father could his will restrain.
Then fear thou still to take the higher way,
And in thy course draw in thy sails I pray.
Thou worthy art to live most fortunate,
And to enjoy a candid happy fage.
Thy gentle love deserves this praise of mine,
Since thou didst cleave to mee in every time.
I saw how that thy grief for mee was shown,
Even in thy looks most like unto my owne.
I saw thy tears which on my face did fall,
And with my tears I drunk thy words withal.
Now to thy absent friend thou yeeld'st relief,
Thereby to lighten this my heavy grief :
Live thou unenvy'd, honour crown thy end,
For thou art worthy of a noble friend.
And love thy *Ovid*'s name, which cannot bee,
Banisht though *Scythia* now containaeth me.
For mee a land near to the Bear doth hold,
Whereas the earth is frozen up with cold.
Here *Bosporus* and *Tanais* do remain,
And places which have scarcely any name,
Unhabitable cold doth dwell beyond.
For I am neare unto the farthest land.

Tristium.

My Country and my wife are absent far,
And with them two, all things that dearest are.
Yet though with them I cannot present be,
Within my fancy I their shape do see.
My house, the City stand before my eies,
And all my actions in their place do rise.
My wives dear Image doth it self present
Which doth increase and lighten discontent.
Her absence grieveth me, but then again,
My comfort is she constant doth remain.
And you my friends do cleave unto my brest,
Whose names I wish by me might be exprest.
But wary fear doth my desire restrain,
And you I think do even wish the same,
For though that heretofore you pleased were,
When as your names did in my Verse appear:
Yet now Ile talk with you within my brest,
Nor shall your fears by my Verse be increast.
Nor shall my Verse disclose a secret friend,
Love secretly, and love me to the end :
And know though we by absence are disjoyn'd,
Yet you are alwaies present in my mind.
Then strive to ease those griefs which I sustain,
And lend your hand to help me up again.
So may your fortune prosperous remain,
And never have just cause to ask the faine.

ELEGIE V.

*By a feigned name he doth commend
One: Carus, that had been his Friend :
And then doth mitigate his fault,
Since error him to ruine brought.*

MY use of friendship with thee was but small,
And if thou wilt, thou mayst say none at all :

But

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Lib. 3.

But that thy love most faithful I did finde,
When as my ship sail'd with a prosperous wind,
When once I fell, then all did shun my wrack,
And all my friends on me did turn their back?
Yet thou, when I was stricken with *Joves* flame,
Didst visit me, and to my house then came :
And in thy fresh acquaintance thou didst show
More love, than all my ancient friends would do,
I saw thy amazed count'nce at that time,
Thy face bedew'd with tears, more pale than mine.
And seeing tears to fall at each word, my ears
Did drink thy words, my mouth did drink thy tears :
Thou didst imbrace my neck, and then betwixt
Some loving kisses with thy sighs were mixt.
Now absent thou defendest me again,
Thou know'st that *Carus* is a feigned name :
And many tokenis of thy love appear,
VVwhich I in memory will ever bear.
The gods still make thee able to defend
Thy friends unto a far more happy end.
To know how I do live if thou require,
As it is likely that thou dost desire :
I have some hope, which do not take from me,
That those offended powers will pleased be.
VVwhich being vain, or if it may befall,
Do thou allow my hope though it be small.
Bestow thy eloquence upon that theam,
To shew it may fall out as I do mean.
The greatest men are placable in wrath,
A generous minde a gentle anger hath.
When Beasts unto the Lion prostrate lye,
He ends the combate with his enemy.
But VVolves and Bears their yeelding foes do kill,
And the inferiour beasts are cruel still.
VVho like *Achilles*? yet even he appears,
To be much mov'd with *Dardanus* sad tears,

Tristium.

Emathions clemency is best declar'd,
Even by those funeral rites which he prepar'd.
And that I may not mans calm'd anger show,
Even Junoes Son in law was once her foe.
Lastly, I needs must hope, since at this time,
I am not punisht for a hainous crime.
I did not plot against great Cæsar's life,
To ruine him by sowing civil strife.
I never yet did rail against the time,
Or spake against him in my cups of wine.
But am punisht for beholding of a fault,
Which I through ignorance beheld, un'sought.
Yet all my fault, I cannot well defend,
Though in part thereof I did no ill intend.
So that I hope that he will pleased be,
To grant an easier banishment to mee.
I wish the morning star that brings the day,
Would bring this news and quickly post away.

ELEGIE VI.

*His friends fidelity he doth praise,
And to excuse himself affaires.
Desiring if he have any grace
At Rome, to use it in his case.*

Our league of friendship thou wilt not conceal.
Or if thou wouldst, it would it self reveal.
For while we might, none was more dear to me,
And I do know I was belov'd of thee.
And this our love was to the people known,
So that our Love more than our selves was known.
The candor of thy minde is easily seen,
Of him who for thy friend thou dost esteem.
Thou nothing from my knowledge didst conceal,
And I my secrets did to thee reveal.

For

Lib. 3.

For all my heart and secrets thou didst know,
Excepting that which wrought my overthrow. (mce
Which hadst thou known, thou wouldest have councelled
So well, that I should never banisht bee.
But 'twas my fate drew on my punishment,
And crost mee in any good intent.
Yet whether that I might this evil shun,
And reason cannot fortune overcome:
Yet thou to mee my old acquaintance art,
And of my love thou holdst the greatest part.
Bee mindful then, and if thou gracious bee
At Court, then try what thou canst do for mee.
That *Cæsar* being unto mildness bent,
May change the place of my sad banishment.
Even as I did no wickednes devise,
Since that my fault from error did arise.
It would bee tedious nor safe to untold,
By what chance these eyes did that aet behold.
Such shameful deeds as do the ear affright,
Should bee concealed in eternal night.
I must confess therefore my former fault,
Yet no reward by my offence I sought.
And for my fault I may my folly blame,
If to my fault thou wilt give a true name.
If this bee false, then further banish mee.
These places like unto *Romes* Suburbs bee.

E L E G I E. VII.

The Letter here be doth command,
To fye unto Perillas band :
And sheweth that the Muses give,
Immortal fame which still shall live.

Goe thou my Letter being writ so fast,
And to salute *Perilla* make thou haste.

Triflum.

To sit hard by her mother she still uses,
Or else to be amongst her Books and Muses :
VVhat ere she does, when she knows thou art come,
She'l ask thee how I do that am undone ;
Tell her I live, but wish I did not so,
Since length of time can never easē my woe,
Yet to my Muse I now returned am,
Making my words in Verse to flow again :
And ask her why she doth her minde apply
To common studies, not sweet Poesy ?
Since Nature first did make thee chaste & fair,
Giving thee wit, with other things most rare.
I first to thee the Muses spring did show,
Lest that sweet water should at waste stil flow
For in thy Virgin years thy wit I spy'd,
And was as 'twere thy father and thy guide.
Then if those fires still in thy brest do dwel,
There's none but *Lesbia* that can thee excel :
But I do fear that since I am o'rethrown,
That now thy brest is dull and heavy grown :
For while we might we both did read our lines,
I was thy Judge and Master oftentimes.
And to thy Verse I an ear would lend,
And make thee blush, when thou didst make an end.
Yet now perhaps it may be thou dost shun
All books, because my ruine thence did come :
Fear not *Perhilla*, but all fear remove,
So that thy writings do not teach to love :
Then learned Maid, no cause of sloath still frame,
But to thy sacred art return again.
That comely face will soon be spoil'd with years,
While aged wrinckles in thy brow appears.
Old age will lay hold on thy outward graces,
Which cometh on still with a silent pace.
To have been fair it will a grief then be,
And thou wilt think thy glasse doth flatter thee.

Thy

Lib. 3.

Thy wealth is smal, though thou deservest more,
But yet suppose thou hadst of wealth great stote :
Yet Fortune when she lists doth give and take,
And of rich *Cræsus* she can *Irus* make.
All things are subiect to mortality,
Except the minde and ingenuity.
For though I want my Country, Friends, and home,
And all things took from me that could be gone.
Yet still my Muses do with me remain,
And *Cæsar* cannot take away my vein.
Who though he should me of my life deprive,
Yet shal my Fame when I am dead survive.
While *Rome* on seven hils doth stand in sight,
My works shal still be read with much delight.
Then of thy study make this happy use,
To shun the power of death even by thy Muse.

ELEGY VIII.

His Country he desires to see,
If Cæsar would so pleased bee.
Then mournfully hee doth complain,
And shewes what grief hee doth sustain.

I Wish I could *Triptolemus* VVaine ascend,
Who first did seed unto the earth commend
Or guide *Medea's* Dragons through the aire,
With which the once from *Corinth* did repair:
I wish that I had *Perseus* winges to flie,
Or *Dedalus* his wings to cut the Skie.
That while the aire did yeeld unto my flight,
I might injoy again my Countries sight :
And see my poor forsaken house again,
My wife, and those few friends that do remain.
But why dost thou so foolishly require,
VVhen thou canst ne'r attain to thy desire ?

In

Tristium.

In stead of wishes unto Cesar send,
And strive to please him whom thou didst offend.
If hee repeal thy banishment, his word,
Can give thee wings to flye like to a bird.
Perhaps when once his wrath doth milder grow,
Hee to my suit will then some favour shew:
And I beseech him now in the mean time,
Some easier place of exile to assign.
This air and climate both contrary bee,
Continual sickness feizeth here on mee.
Either my sick minde makes my body ill,
Or else the air doth some disease instill.
Since I to *Pontus* came, each night I dream,
I do distaste my meat, my limbs grow lean,
Like that pale colour which in leaves is seen,
When they by *Autumns* frost have nipped been.
So do I look being pin'd away with grief,
Having no friend to yeild me some relief,
For I am sick in body and in minde,
In both of which I equal pain do finde.
Methinks my fortune stands before my eyes,
In a sad shape replete with miserie.
When I behold the people and the place,
Comparing past time with my present case,
Then I am willing to resign my breath,
Wishing I had been punished with death:
But yet since that hee was more milder bent,
Let him now grant mee milder banishment.

ELEGIE IX.

Ovid briefly doth explain,
How Tomos first did get that name.

ARe here some Cities (who can it beleive)
That from the Greeks did first their name receive?
While

Lib. 3.

While husbandmen even from *Miletus* came,
And 'mongst the *Getes* did *Grecian* houses frame.
Yet this same place doth anciently retain,
Still from *Absyrtus* murder, this same name :
For in that ship which *Pallas* name did bear,
And in those unknown Seas her course did steer,
While fierce *Medea* from her father fled,
Unto these shores her fatal sails shee spread :
Which from a hill one viewing on the land,
Cries out, *Medea's* sails do hither stand.
The *Mynie* trembled, and without delay,
Unty their ropes, and all their anchors weigh :
While that *Medea* struck her guilty breast,
With that same hand which had in blood been drest,
And though her former courage did remain,
Yet still her blood in palenes went and came,
But when shee saw the sails, wee are betray'd
Quoth she, my fathers course must bee delay'd,
By some new *Art* : while thus shee doth devise,
By fatal chance, her brother shee espies.
And having spied him, now quoth she 'tis done,
For from his death my safety now shall come.
And with a sword she ran him through the side,
Who little thought by her hand to have dy'd.
Then tears his Limbs in peeces, and on the ground,
She scatters them that so they may bee found
In many places : and that her father may
Not pass by it, she places in the way
His bleeding Head, and both his pale cold hands,
Which set upon a rock before him stands.
And while that horrid sight did stop her father,
Hee stay'd his course those scattered limbs to gather.
Whence *Tomos* got that name, because that here,
Medea first her brothers limbs did tear.

ELEGIE

Tristium.

ELEGIE X.

Ovid lively doth describe
The Country where he doth abide :
Which in this short map you may view,
Which he in banishment then drew.

If any yet do think of *Nasoes* name,
Which yet within the City doth remain :
Know that I live within a barbarous Land,
Which neer unto the Northern pole doth stand
The *Sauromates* and *Getes* do hem me in,
Whose ruder names my Verse do not beseem.
While the aire is warm, we then defended are,
By *Isther*, whose fair stream keeps back the war.
But when that *Boreas* once doth fly abroad,
Those Countries he with heavy snow doth load.
Nor doth the snow dissolve by Sun or Rain,
But the North-wind doth make it still remain :
New snow doth fall on that which fell before,
VVhile that the earth is doubly covered o're.
Such is the North-winds force when it doth blow,
That Towers and Houses it doth overthrow.
The people wear short mantles 'gainst the cold,
So that their faces you can scarce behold ;
From their Icy hair a rustling sound is heard,
A hearie frost doth shine upon their beard.
The frozen wine doth keep the Vessels shape,
And in stead of draughts, they peeces of it take.
Of Rivers frozen, what should I here tell ?
Or yet of water digged from the VVell :
For *Isther*, which with *Nile* may equall be,
VVhose many mouths do fall into the Sea,
His blue waves hidden o're with ice doth keep,
And so unseen into the Sea doth creep.

VVhere

Where ships did sail, their feet they now do set,
And on the ice the Horses hoof doth beat.
The *Sarmatian* Oxen draw their waggons over
New Bridges, which the running water cover.
'Tis strange, yet lying brings me no reward,
And therefore my report you may regard.
We have seen when as the ice the Sea did cover,
While that a shell of ice did glaze it over :
And on the frozen sea have often gone,
While with a dry foot we could walk thereon.
And had *Leander* such a shoare descri'd,
Then in that narrow sea he had not dy'd.
The crooked Dolphins, cannot then repair
Unto the upper waves to take the aire.
And though that *Boreas* blustering wings were heard,
Yet no waves in the frozen sea appear'd.
The ships were frozen up that there did ride,
Nor could the Oars the stifned waves divide.
VVee have seen the fish within the ice lie bound,
VVhile that in some of them some life was found.
If *Boreas* therefore with too powerful force,
Do freez the sea, or stop the rivers course :
When *Ishher* by dry winds is once congeal'd,
The barbarous foe no longer is conceal'd.
Who skilfull in their horsemanship and bow,
Do waste the Country wheresoere they go.
While some do fly, and none defend the fields
Their unkept wealth some little pillage yeelds.
Their riches is their cattle and their wanes,
And that which their poor Cottages contains:
And some that by the foe are captive took,
Do leave their Country with a back-cast look,
Some by the barbed arrows here do die,
That with their poisoned heads do swiftly fly.
That which they cannot take, they spoil the same,
And make their harmless Cottages to flame.

Tristium.

When they have peace they stand in fear of war,
So that the fields by no man ploughed are.
The grape is not hid in the leavy shade,
Nor are the vesseſ fild with wine new made.
Acontius could not here an *Apple* finde,
To write unto his sweet. heart in the rinde :
Here the naked fields have neither leaf nor tree,
For it's a place mark'd out for misery.
And though the world hath ſuch a large extent,
This land is found out for my punishment.

ELEGIE XI.

Sweet Ovid is enfor'd to write,
'Gainſt one who raild at him in ſpight :
Whom mildly here bee doth reprove,
And unto pity doth him move.

THOU that my ſad misfortune doſt contemn,
And cruelly doſt alwaies me condemn,
Wert nurſed on the rocks by ſome wilde beaſt,
And I may ſay, thou haſt a flinty breaſt.
O whither can thy wrath exrended be,
Or what is wanting to my misery ?
The barbarous ſhores of *Pontus* me enfold,
And here the Northern Bear I do behold.
The peoples ſpeech I understand not here,
And every place is full of careful fear.
For as the Hart purſu'd by Bears doth ſhake,
Or as a Lamb hem'd in by wolves doth quake ?
So when these nations do me round incloſe,
I am afraid being compaſſ'd in with foes.
Suppoſe it were no punishment to mee,
Of wife and children thus depriv'd to bee :
Though nothing troubled mee but *Cæſar's* wrath,
Sufficient punishment his anger hath.

Yet

Yet there are some who handles my green wounds,
And to speak against me have let loose their tongues.
In an easie matter every one can speak,
And little strength a bruised thing can break,
It shews some strength to throw down walls that stand,
When falling Towers yield to the weakest hand.
Why dost thou persecute my empty shade ?
Or why dost thou my grave with stones invade ?
Though *Hector* in the wars did shew his force,
It was not *Hector* that behinde a horse
Was drawn about ? nor am I now the same,
And nothing but my shadow doth remain :
Why dost thou rail on me with words so foul ?
I pray thee do not seek to vex my soul.
Suppose my faults were true, my chiefest fault,
Was not by wickedness but errour wrought ?
Then glut thy anger with my punishment,
For I am sent to grievous banishment.
A murtherer would lament my unhappy fate,
Thou think'st me not enough unfortunate.
More cruel than *Busiris*, or that man,
Who first to make a brazen Bull began :
And on the *Sicilian* Tyrant it bestow'd,
While thus in words his Art to him he shew'd.
This work O King ! may far more useful bee,
Than the outward shape doth seem to promise thee.
For look, the Bull's side may bee open'd so,
That whom thou meanst to kill, thou needs but throw
Into his belly, and being inclos'd therein,
Put fire beneath, and then hee will begin
To roar, and make a groaning noise as though
The brazen Bull it self began to Lowe :
Therefore to recompence my gift again,
Let my reward bee equal to my pain.
Phalaris reply'd, since that thou didst invent,
This cruel torment for a punishment :

Thou

Tristium.

Thou first shalt feel it, and so being thrown
Into the Bull, he there began to groan.
But from *Sicilia* I return again,
Of thee that railest on me I must complain :
If thou desirest to quench thy thirst with blood,
And that to hear my grief would do thee good :
I have suffer'd so much both by sea and land,
That thou wouldest grieve the same to understand.
Ulysses was not in so great distresse,
Since *Neptunes* anger, is than *Joves* far less.
Then do not thou rip up my faults again,
And from my bleeding wound thy hands refrain,
Let time my former fault in darkness cover,
That this same wound may once be skinned over.
Sith Fortune throws down whom she doth advance,
Be thou afraid of her uncertain chance.
And since thou hast a great desire to pry,
And wouldest be glad to know my misery :
My fortune is of misery most full,
For *Cæsars* wrath all ill with it doth pull.
And if thou think'st I do the same augment,
I wish that thou might'st feel my punishment.

ELEGY. XII.

Though it be Spring-time every where,
No Spring in Tomos doth appear :
which makes him pray here to be sent,
unto some milder banishment.

Now Zephyrus warms the air, the year is run,
And the long seeming winter now is done :
The Ram which bore fair *Hellen* once away,
Hath made the dark night equall to the day.
Now boyes and girls do sweet Violets get,
Whiche in the Country often groe unseer.

Fair

Lib. 3.

Fair colour'd flowers in the Meddows spring,
And now the birds their untaught notes do sing.
The Swallow now doth build her little nest,
Under some beame, wherein her eggs may rest.
The seed which long since in the ground was laid,
Is now shot forth into a tender blade.
And now young buds upon the Vine appear,
Although the *Getick* shore no tree doth beare;
'Tis there vacation, and the wars at Court
Do now give place to plaies and other sport :
Now they do Tilt, and feats of arms assay,
Now with the ball, and with the top they play,
Young men annointed now with oyle, begin
To bathe their limbs within the virgin spring :
The scent doth flourish, and new strains are found,
VWhich make the three Theaters to resound,
O four times happy sure, and more is he,
That to enjoy the *City* now is free.
But here I see the snow melt with the Sun,
The undigg'd waters now begin to run.
The Sea is not frozen, nor doth the swaine
Over the *Isther* drive his creaking wane.
Yet when that any ships doth hither sail,
And Anchor at our shore, then without fail
I run to the Master, and after salutation
I ask him whence he comes, and of what Nation.
And 'tis a wonder if he be not one
That from some neighbour country then doth come.
From *Italy* few ships do ever stand.
To come unto this haven-wanting land.
Whether his language Greek or Latin be,
The latter is most welcome unto mee.
If any from *Propontis* here arrive,
While a north-winde his spreading sails doth drive ;
He may enforme me of the common fame,
And orderly he may relate the same.

Triftium.

For of Great *Cesar's* Tryumph I do hear,
And of thosse vows to *Jove* performed were,
And how rebelling *Germany* in the end,
Beneath our Captains feet her head did bend.
He that shall tell mee these things here exprest,
I will invite him home to be my guest.
Alas, does *Ovid's* house alone now stand?
Being seated here within the *Styrian* land:
May *Cesar* make this house of mine to bee,
Onely an Inne of punishment to mee.

ELEGIE XIII.

*Against his Birth-day he doth complain,
Which was now return'd in vain.*

Behold my Birth-day, (for why was I borne?)
Doth vainly unto me again retorne,
Hard-hearted day, why dost thou still extend
My years, to which thou shouldst have put an end,
If thou hadst any care of me or shame,
Thou wouldest not thus have followed me in vain.
But in that place have given me my death,
Where in my childe-hood first I drew my breath.
And with my friends that now at *Rome* do dwell,
Thou mightest at once have took thy last farewell.
What's *Pontus* unto thee, or art thou sent,
By *Cesars* wrath with me to banishment?
Dost thou expect thy wonted honour here?
While I a white robe on my shoulders wear.
Or that fair Garlands should environ round,
The smoaking Altar with sweet incense crown'd?
Offering such gifts as may befit the day,
While for thy prosperous return I pray.
But now I do not live in such a time,
That when thou com'st I should to mirth incline.

A

A funeral Altar doth become me now,
That may be stuck round with the Cypress bough.
Now incense to the Gods were cast away,
While in my depth of grief I cannot pray.
Yet one request upon this day I'le name,
That to this place thou ne're return again.
Whilst in the farthest Pontick shore I live,
Which falsely some the name of *Euxine* give.

ELEGIE XIV.

*Here he writes unto his Friend,
That he would his books defend.*

THOU chief of Learned men, what maketh thee,
A friend unto my idle vein to be?
When I was safe then thou my lines didst praise,
And being absent thou my fame dost raise.
And all my verses thou dost entertain,
Except the *Art of Love* which I did frame.
Since then thou lovest the new Poets strain,
Within the City still keep up my Name.
For I, and not my books, am banisht thence,
Which they could not deserve by my offence.
The Father oft is banished we see,
While as his Children in the City be:
My verses now are like to *Pallas*, borne
Without a Mother; and being so forlorne:
I send them unto thee, for they bereft
Of Father, now unto thy charge are left.
Three sons of mine by me destroyed were,
But of the rest see that thou have a care.
And fifteen books of changed shapes there lyes,
Being ravisht from their Masters obsequies.
That work I had unto perfection brought,
If that I had not my own ruine wrought.

Tristium.

Which uncorrected now the people have,
If any thing of mine the people crave.
Let this among my other books now stand,
Being sent unto thee from a foraign Land.
Which whoio reads, let him but weigh again,
The time and place, wherein I did it frame:
He will pardon me, whea he shall understand,
That I was banisht in a barbarous Land.
And will admire that in my adverse time,
With a sad hand I could draw forth a line :
Mis-tortunes have depriv'd me of my strain,
Although before I ne're had a rich vein.
Yet whaisoe're it was, even now it lies,
Dried up for want of any exercise.
Here are no books to feed me with delight,
But instead of books the bows do me affright.
Here's none to whom I may my lines rehearse,
That can both hear and understand my verse.
I have no place where I may walk alone.
But with the *Getes* shut up in walls of stone,
Sometimes I ask for such a places name,
But there is none can answer me again.
And when I fain woud speak, I must confess,
I want fit words my minde for to express.
The *Scythian* language doth my ear affright.
So that the *Getick* tongue I lure could write,
I fear lest you within this book should see,
That *Pontick* words with Latine mingled be.
Yet read it, and thereto a pardon give,
When thou considerest in what state I live.

LIB. IV. ELEGY I.

*To excuse his books he doth begin,
And shewes how his Muse did comfort him.*

If any faults are in these books of mine,
Have them excused Reader by their time.
I sought no fame, but onely some relief,
That so my minde might not think on her grief.
Even as the ditcher bound with fetters strong,
Will lighten heavy labour with a song,
And he will sing that with a bended side,
Doth draw the slow boat up against the Tide.
And he that at the Oare doth tug with pain,
Doth sing while he puts back his Oare again.
The weary Shepherd sitting on a hill,
Doth please his sheep with piping on his quill.
And every Maid within the Country bred,
Will sing while she is drawing forth her thread.
Achilles being sad for *Brisis* loss,
The *Hemonia* in Harpe did soften that same cross.
While *Orpheus* for his wife much grief did shew,
With his sweet tunes the woods and stones he drew.
So did my muse delight me as I went,
And bore me company in my banishment.
She fear'd no treachery, nor the souldiers hand,
Nor yet the wind, or sea, or barbarous land.
She knew what error first my ruine brought,
And that there was no wickedness in my thought.
And since from her my fault did first proceed,
She is made guilty with me of that deed.
Yet still the fear of harme me so affrights,
I scarce dare touch the Muses holy rites.

Tristium.

But now a sudden fury doth me move,
And being hurt by verse, yet verse I love.
Even as *Ulysses* took delight to taste,
The Lote-tree, which did hurt him at the last.
The Lover feels his loss, yet does delight
In it, and seeks to feed his appetite.
So books delight me, which did me confound,
Loving the Dart which gave me this same wound.
Perhaps this study may a fury seem,
And yet to many it hath useful been.
It makes the minde that it cannot retain,
Her grief in sight, but doth forget the same.
As she ne're felt the wound which *Bacchus* gave,
But wildly on the *Idean* hills did rave.
So when a sacred fire my breast doth warme,
My higher fancy doth all sorrow scorne.
It feels no banishment, or *Pontick* shore,
Nor thinks the Gods are angry any more.
And as if I should drink dull Lethes water,
I have no sense of any sorrow after.
Needs must those Goddesses then honour'd be,
Who from their *Helicon* did come with me.
And for to follow mee they still did please,
Either by foot, by shipping, or by feas.
And may they gracious unto me abide,
Since that the Gods are all on *Cæsar's* side:
While those griefs which they heap on me are more,
Then fish in seas, or sands upon the shore.
The flowers in spring-time thou maiest sooner tell,
Or Autumns apples, or the snow that fell,
Then all my griefs, being tossed too and fro,
While I unto the *Euxine* shore do go.
Where come, I found no change of misery,
As if ill-fortune still did follow me.
My thred of life in one course here doth run,
Of black and dismal wool this thread is spun.

Though

Lib. 4.

Though I omit my dangers and my grief,
I've seen such miseries as are past belief.
Amongst the barbarous *Getes* how can he live,
To whom the people once such praise did give?
How grievous is it to be lockt within
A walled Town, and yet scarce safe therein?
For in my Youth all warre I did detest,
And never handled weapons but in jest.
Now in my hands a sword and shield I bear,
And on my gray hairs I a Helmet wear.
For when the watchman standing in his place,
Doth give some sign, then all do arme apace.
The enemy with his poysoned shafts and bow,
On their proud *Steeds* about the walls do go:
And as the Wolf doth bear a sheep away,
Into the woods, which from the fold did stray.
So those that once are strayed beyond the Gate,
The foe comes on them, and doth take them straight.
Then like a captive they his neck do chain,
Or else with poyson'd Arrows he is slain.
In this place I a Dweller am become,
Alas my time of life too slow doth run.
Yet to my verse I do return again,
My friendly Muse doth me in grief sustain.
Yet there is none to whom I may recite
My verse, or here the Latine which I write.
But to my self I do both write and read,
And then to Judge my self I do proceed,
Oft I have said, why do I take this vein?
Or shall the *Getes* delight in *Ovid's* name?
Oft while I write, my eyes to weeping set,
And every letter with my tears is wet.
And then my heart renewes her grief again,
While on my bosome showers of tears do rain,
When as my former state comes in my thought,
Thinking to what my fortune hath me brought.

Tristium.

Oft my mad hand, even angry with my veine,
Hath cast my verses into the quick flame.
Then since of many, these few do remain,
Who e're thou art, with pardon read the same.
And *Rome* do thou take in good part each line,
Though each verse be no better than my time.

ELEGIE II.

*He grieves that he could not present be,
At the triumph of conquer'd Germany.*

Now haughty *Germany* (as the world hath done)
May kneel to *Cesar*, being overcome.
Now the high palaces are with garlands dight,
And smoaking incense turns the day to night.
Now the white sacrifice by the Axe is slain,
And with his purple blood the earth doth stain.
And both the conquering *Cesars* do prepare,
To give the Gods those gifts which promis'd were.
And all the young men born under his name,
Do pray that still his progeny may raign:
And *Livia* since the Gods her son did save,
Presents those gifts which they deserve to have.
The Matrons and those free from bad desire,
Who living Virgins, keep the vestal fire:
The people and the Senate too are glad,
And Gentry, 'mongst whom once a name I had.
These publick joyes to me here are unknown,
And but a weak report doth hither come.
But on these triumphs may the people look,
And read what towns were by such Captains took,
While as the captive Kings to encrease the show,
Before the plumed horses chained go.
With countenances to their fortune chain'd,
Once terrible, now from themselves estrang'd.

While

Lib. 4.

VWhile some desire their cause and names to know,
One knowing little thus describes the show.
He that in yonder purple robe doth shine.
Was Captain of the war, and next to him
He whose sad eyes fixt on the ground appear,
Bore not that look, when he his arms did bear.
That cruel man whose eyes still burning are,
By counsel did incite them unto war.
This fellow did false ambusments provide.
Whose shaggy haire his ugly face doth hide.
This fellow kill'd the Captives which he took,
Although the Gods such offerings did not brook.
These Mountains, Rives, Castles, which you see,
Were fill'd with blood of men which slaughtered be.
Here *Drusus* did his honour first obtain,
Being worthy of that house from whence he came.
Here *Rhene* with blood of men was colour'd ever.
VWhile no green reeds his winding banks did cover.
Behold how *Germany* with her long hair spread,
Sits at his feet who hath her conquered:
And to the *Roman* axe her neck doth yeild,
Her hands being chain'd which once did bear a shield.
And above these great *Cæsar* thou art carried,
Through all the people in thy conquering chariot.
Thy subiects by loud shouts their love do shew
VWhile all the way with sweetest flowers they strew.
Thy temples crowned with *Phæbean* Bayes,
The sovdier singeth *Io* to thy praise.
VWhile thy four Chariot-horses by the way,
Heated with noise do often stop and stay.
Then to the Tower and Temples favouring thee,
Thou goest, where gifts to *Jove* shall offered be.
These things I can within my minde review,
For it hath power an absent place to shew.
Through spacious lands it can most freely stray,
And unto Heaven finde the ready way.

By

Tristium.

By help whereof the City I do see,
That of this good I may partaker be.
It shews the Ivory Chariots which do shine,
So I shall be at home even for a time :
The happy people shall behold this sight,
And for to see their Captain take delight.
But I must see it by imagination,
My ears shall take the fruit of the relation.
For being banisht to a Foraign Land,
Totell me of it here is none at hand.
Yet he that this late triumph tells to mee,
When e're I hear him I shall joyful be.
And on that day no sorrow I will show,
For publick joy exceeds a private woe .

E L E G I E III.

Ovid seemeth to speak here,
To the constellations of the Bear.'

YOU great and lesser Beasts, whereof the one,
Guides Gracian ships, the other Sydonian :
Which from your poles view all things which you please,
And never set beneath the Western Seas ;
And while that you encompas in the skie,
Your circle from the earth is seen on high.
Look on these walls, o're which as they report,
Remus leapt over in his merry sport.
And look with shining beams upon my Wife,
And tell me if she lead a constant life.
Alas ! why doubt I in a matter clear ?
Why do I waver between hope and fear ?
Believe as thou desirest, that all is well,
Perswade thy self she doth in faith excel.
And what the fixed stars cannot unfold,
Tell to thy self, and be thou thus resolv'd :
That as thou thinkest on her, so she again
Doth think on thee, and with her keeps thy name.

And

And in her minde thy Countenance doth review,
 And while she lives that she her love will shew.
 When thy griev'd minde doth on thy sorrow light,
 Doth gentle sleep forsake thy bosome quite?
 Doth thy cold bed renew thy cares a fresh,
 And make thee think on me in my distress?
 Does nights seem long, while sorrows inward burn.
 Do thy sides ake while thou dost often turn.
 Yet I believe that now thou dost no less,
 And that thy sorrow doth thy love express.
 Thou griev'st no less, than did that *Theban Wife*,
 To see brave *Hectors* body void of life,
 Drawn by *Thessalian* horses; yet I cannot tell,
 What passion in thy minde I wish to dwell.
 If thou art sad, then I am griev'd for thee,
 That of thy sorrow I the cause should be.
 Yet gentle wife do thou lament thy losses,
 And use the time to think upon my crosses.
 Weep for my fall, to weep is some relief,
 For that doth ease and carry out our grief.
 And would thou couldst lament my death, not life,
 That so by death I might have left my Wife.
 Then in my Country I had died, and dead,
 Thy tears upon my Corps had then been shed.
 And thou hadst clos'd my eyes up with thy hand,
 While looking unto Heaven they did stand.
 In an ancient Tombe my ashes had been spread,
 And had been buried where I first was bred:
 Lastly, I then had died without blame,
 But now my banishment is to me a shame.
 Yet wretched am I if thou blushest than,
 When thou art call'd wife to a banisht man.
 Wretched am I if thou that name decline,
 Wretched am I, if thou sham'st to be mine.
 Where is that time wherein thou took'st a pride,
 In *Ovids* Name, and to be *Ovids* bride?

Where

Tristium.

VVhere is that time wherein these words you spake,
That you in being mine did pleasure take :
Like a good wife in me you did delight,
And love encreas'd my value in your sight.
And unto you so precious was I then ,
That you preferred me before all men.
Then think it no disgrace that thou art nam'd
My wife, for which thou maist be griev'd, not sham'd.
VVhen rash *Capaneus* in the warrs did fall ,
Eudne blusht not at his fault at all.
Though *Jupiter* did fire with fire suppress,
Yet *Phaeton* was beloved ne're the less.
And *Semele* did not lose old *Cadmus* love ,
Because she perish'd by her sute to *Jove*.
Then since that I am stricken with *Joves* flame,
Let not a crimson blush thy fair cheek stain.
But with fresh courage rather me defend,
That for a good wife, I may thee commend.
Shew now thy virtue in adversity,
The way to glory through hard waies doth lie.
VVho would talke of *Heitor* had *Troy* happy been ?
For virtue in adversity is seen.
Typhis Art fails when no waves are seen;
In health *Apollo*'s art hath no esteem.
That virtue which before time lay conceal'd,
In trouble doth appear, and is reveal'd.
My fortune gives thee scope to raise thy fame ,
And by thy virtue to advance thy name.
Then use the time, for these unhappy daies.
Do open a fair way for to get praise.

E L E G I E IV.

*He writes to his friend in his distress,
whose name by signs he doth express.*

O Friend , though thou a Gentleman art born,
Yet thou by virtue dost thy birth adorn.

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Lib. 4.

Thy Fathers courtesie shineth in thy minde,
And yet this courtesie is with courage joyn'd.-
In the e thy Fathers Eloquence doth dwell ,
Whom none could in the *Roman* Court excel.
Then since by signes I am enforc'd to name thee ,
I hope for praising you, you will not blame me :
'Tis not my fault, your gifts do it preclaim ,
Be what you seem, and I deserve no blame.
Besides , my love in verse exprest, I trust ,
Shall not harme thee, since *Cæsar* is most just :
Our Countries Father, and so milde, that he
Suffers his name within my verse to be.
Nor can he now forbide it if he would.
Cæsar is publick, and a common good.
Jupiter sometimes lets the Poets praise
His acts, that so their wits his deeds may raise.
Thy case by two examples good doth seem ,
The one believ'd a God, the other seen.
Or else I'le take the fault , and to it stand,
To say my Letter was not in thy hand.
Nor thus by writing have I newly err'd ,
With whom by words I often have confer'd.
Then friend, lest thou be blam'd , thou need'st not fear
For it is I that must the envy bear.
For if you'l not dissemble a known truth,
I lov'd your Father even from my youth.
And you know how he did approve my wit,
More than in my own judgement I thought fit.
And oftentimes he would speak of my verse,
And grace them while he did the same rehearse.
Nor do I give these fair words unto thee
But to thy Father, who first loved me.
Nor do I flatter, since my lives acts past ,
I can defend, except it be the last ,
And yet my fault no wicked crime can be,
If that my griefs be not unknown to thee.

Tristium.

It was an error brought me to this state,
Then suffer me now to forget my fate.
Break not my wounds which yet scarce closed are,
Since rest it self can hardly help my care.
And though to suffer justly I am thought,
There was no wicked purpose in my fault :
Which *Cæsar* knowing, suffer'd me to live,
Nor to another my goods did he give.
And this same banishment perhaps shall cease, *
When length of time his anger shall appease.
And now I pray he would me hence remove,
(If this request would not immodest prove.)
To some more quiet banishment, where I
Might live far from the cruel enemy.
And such is *Cæsar's* clemency that he,
Would grant it, if some askt this boon for mee,
The shores of the *Euxine* Sea do me contain,
Which heretofore the *Axine* they did name.
The seas are tostled with a blustring wind.
Nor can strange ships any safe harbour finde,
And round about blood-eating men do live,
Thus sea and land do equal terror give.
Not far off, stands that cursed Altar, where
All strangers to *Diana* offered were.
These bloody kingdome once King *Thoas* had,
Not envi'd nor desir'd, they were so bad,
Here the fair *Epigenia* did devise,
To please her Goddess with this sacrifice.
Whither as soon as mad *Orestes* came,
Tormented with his own distracted brain,
And *Phocæus* with him, his companion,
Who two in body, were in minde but one.
To this sad Altar they were bound, which stood
Before a pair of gates imbru'd with blood.
Yet in themselves no fear of death they had,
But one friend for the others death were sad.

The

Lib. 4.

The Priest with Faulchion drawn stood ready there,
With a course fillet bound about his hair.
But when she knew her Brothers voice, she came
And did embrace him that should have been slain.
And being glad she left the place, and then
She chang'd the rites, which *Dian* did contemn,
Unto this farthest region I am come,
Which even Gods and men do likewise shun.
These barbarous rites near my country are maintain'd,
If a barbarous country may be *Ovid's Land* :
May those windes bear me back, which took *Orestes*
When *Cæsar* is appeas'd for my offence. (hence,

ELEGIE V.

*His grief to his friend he doth reveal,
whose name he on purpose doth conceal.*

O Chieffest friend 'mongst those were lov'd of me,
The only sanctuary to my misery.
By whose sweet speech my soul reviv'd again,
As oyle pou'd in, revives the watching flame.
Who didst not fear a faithful port to open,
And refuge to my ship with Thunder broken.
With whose revenues I supply'd should be,
If *Cæsar* had took my own goods from mee.
While violence of the time doth carry me,
Thy name's almost slipt out of memory ?
Yet thou dost know't, and touched with the flame,
Of praise dost wish thou mightst thy self proclaim.
If thou wouldest suffer it, I thy name would give,
And make them that they should thy fame believe.
I fear my grateful verse should hurtful be,
Or unseasonable honour should but hinder thee.
Since this is safe, rejoice within thy minde,
That I remember thee that thou wert kinde.

And

Triflum.

And as thou dost, to help with Oares strive ;
Till *Cæsar* pleas'd, some gentler winde arrive,
And stil bear up my head which none can save,
But he that plung'd me in the *Stygian* wave,
And which is rare, be constant to the end,
In every office of a stedfast friend.
So may thy fortune happily proceed,
That thou no help, but others thine may need.
May so thy Wife in goodness equal thee,
And in thy bed may discord seldom be.
May thy kindreds love be unto thee no other,
Than that was shew'd to *Castor* by his Brother.
May so thy son be like thee, and in's prime,
By his carriage may they know him to be thine.
May thy Daughter make thee a Father-law to be,
And give the Name of Grand-father to thee.

E L E G I E VI.

*Though time all things doth affwage,
Yet his sorrow more doth rage.
So that being tyr'd, at length,
To bear his grief he had no strength.*

IN time the Ox endures the labouring plough,
And to the crooked yoke his neck doth bow :
In time the Horse doth to the reines submit,
And gently takes into his mouth the bit.
In time the *Affrick* Lyons older grow,
Nor do they still their former fierceness shew.
Time makes the grape to swell until the skin
Can scarce contain the wine that is within.
Time brings the seed unto an ear at last,
And maketh Apples to be sweet in taste.
Time weares the plough-share that doth cut the clay,
The Adamant and Flint it wears away,

This

This by degrees fierce anger doth appease,
 It lessens soi row, and sad hearts doth ease.
 Thus length of time can every thing impair,
 Except it be the burthen of my care.
 Since I was banisht corn hath twice been threshed,
 The Grapes have twice with naked feet been prest.
 Yet in this time no patience can I gain,
 My minde most freshly doth her grief retain.
 Even as old Oxen often shun the yoke,
 And the horse will not be bridled that was broke.
 My present grief is worse than that before,
 Which by delay encreases more and more.
 Present griefs better known than past griefs are,
 And being better known they bring more care.
 Besides, 'tis something, when we bring fresh strength,
 And are not tyrd before with griefs sad length.
 The new wrastler on the yellow sand is stronger,
 Than he whose arms are tyrd with striving longer:
 The unwounded Fencer, better is than he,
 Within whose blood the weapons dyed be.
 A new built ship resists the windes fell power,
 When an old one's broken with the smallest shower,
 And we more patiently before did bear,
 Those sorrows which by time encreased are:
 Believe it, I grow faint, and I am sure,
 My body will not long these griefs endure.
 My strength nor colour doth not now abide,
 And my lean skin my bones can scarcely hide.
 My body and my minde too is not well,
 Which on the thought of grief doth alway dwell:
 The City and my friends both absent are,
 And wife, than whom there's none to me so dear:
 But the *Scythians* and a rout of *Getes* here be,
 Both absent things and present trouble me:
 One hope there is which yields me some relief,
 That death will give an end unto my grief.

Tristium.

ELEGIE VII.

*He dothbore excuse his friend,
That no letters to him did send.*

After cold winter twice the Sun hath come,
And through the Fishes twice his journey run :
Why was not thy right hand ready for to shew
Thy love by writing verses, though a few,
When I did open any letters seal,
Why did I hope it would thy Name reveal ?
I hope many a Letter hath been writ by thee,
Though none of them were yet deliver'd me ,
I sooner will believe *Medusa*'s head,
With snaky heits was round encompassed.
Or *Scylla*, or *Chymera*'s monstrous frame ,
Lyon and Serpent parted with a flame.
Or that the *Minotaure* hath ever been,
Or *Cerberus* with his tripple Dogs face seen.
Or *Sphynx*, or *Harpies*, Gyants that had feet ,
Like Serpents, *Gyges*, or the *Centaures* fleet ,
I will believe these things may sooner be ,
Than that thou art chang'd and hast forgotten me.
For many Mountains now 'twixt thee and I ,
And many Rivers, Fields, and Seas, do lye.
And many things thy Letters may prevent,
From coming to us, which from thee were sent.
Overcome these lets by writing oft to us,
That I may not alwaies excuse thee thus.

ELEGIE. VIII.

*Ovid grieves that he is sent,
In his old age to banishment.*

MY temples like the swans soft feathers are,
And white old age doth cover my black hair.
Now idle age and weak years coming be ,
And now to bear my self doth trouble me,

Now

Now all my former labours I should end,
 And without fear my life in quiet spend :
 And now my minde should take her rest at leisure.
 And in my study I should live at pleasure ,
 To my house and Gods, some honour I should grant ,
 And my Fathers Lands, which now their Master want.
 That in my Nephews or wives bosome I ,
 Within my Country might grow old and die.
 Thus formerly I hop'd my age should end :
 And thus I had deserv'd these years to spend ,
 The Gods were not pleas'd, since I being tost,
 By tempests, am in *Sarmatia* set at last.
 The bruised ships are drawn into the Dock ,
 Least in the Middle stream they should be broke ,
 Least the horse should shame his gotten vict'ry past ,
 In the meadow he is put to graze at last :
 The Souldier that's unfit his arms to bear ,
 Hangs up his Armour which he once did weare ,
 So since with age my strength is now decreased ,
 It is time I should from labour be released.
 It is no time in foraign lands to stay ,
 Nor at a *Getick* spring my thirst to allay .
 But in my Garden now to take delight ,
 And then again to enjoy the Cities sight .
 And thus my minde not knowing future ill ,
 I wisht I might in age live quiet still ,
 The fates withstood, and gave me a happy time
 At first, but loaded these last daies of mine :
 And fifty years being ended without stain ,
 In the worst of my life I bear the blame .
 Being neare unto the marke at which I aim'd ,
 The remainder of my life sad ruine gain'd .
 The Chariot of my life was overthrown .
 When it unto the goale was almost come ,
 And 'gainst me have enforc'd him to be wrath ,
 Than whom the world none more milder hath .

Tristium.

Though my offence ore-came his clemency,
To grant me life he never did deny.
But near the North-pole I my life must lead,
In t'is land which by the *Euxine* Sea doth spread.
Had the *Delphian* Oracle told these things to me,
That place had seem'd then most vain to be.
There's nothing though the *Adamant* it contain,
That can be stronger than *Jove's* sudden flame.
There's nothing is so high or plac'd above
Danger, but that it is set under *Jove*,
Though part of my grief did come by my own fault,
Yet *Cæsar's* wrath my utter ruine wrought.
But be you now admonish'd by my fate,
To please that man who equals gods in state.

ELEGIE IX.

*Here he doth admonisht one,
That he proceed not to do him wrong.*

Since thou art content I will conceal thy name,
And drench thy deeds in *Laetbean* waves again,
And thy late tears our mercy shall o're-come,
So thou repent of that which thou hast done.
But if hatred of us still thy bosome warmes,
My unhappy grief must take up forced armes.
Though I am banisht to the farthest lands,
My anger may from thence reach out her hands,
All right of laws great *Cæsar* did me grant,
My punishment is, my Country for to want.
And if he live, we may hope our return,
The Oake looks green which lightning once did burne.
If I had no power to revenge, at length,
The Muses then would lend me help and strength:
Though in the *Seythian* coasts I here do lie,
Whereas the starry signes are ever drie:
Yet through large spacious lands my praise shall go.
And all the world my sad complaint shall know.

What

Lib. 4.

What we speak in the West, unto the East shall fly,
And the East shall hear my Western harmony.
Beyond both lands and Seas they shall hear me,
In a loud voice shall my lamenting be.
Nor shall the present age, thee only blame,
But of posterity thou shalt be the shame.
I am now dispos'd to fight, though I have not blown
The trumpet, and I wish no cause were known.
Though the Circk ceas'd, the Bull doth cast aloof,
The sand, and beats the earth with his hard hoof:
And now my Muse found the retreat again,
While that he may dissemble his own name.

ELEGIE X.

*In this sweet Elegie at last,
Ovid shew's his life that's past.
Describes his birth, and doth rehearse,
How he took delight in verse.*

Posterity receive me with delight,
For it is I that once of Love did write.
Sulmo my country is where cold springs rise,
And fifteen miles it from the City lies,
Here was I born, and as you know right well,
When both the Consuls by like fortune fell.
Besides, I was heir to my Grand-father by right,
Not made a gentleman by fortunes might.
After my Brother I was borne at last,
When twelve months from his birth were fully past.
And both of us were born upon one day,
On which two wafer cakes we us'd to pay.
Of those five feasts to *Pallas* memory,
This is the first which bloody us'd to be.
Forth-with we being young, by our Fathers care,
Did go to men in Art that fam'rs were.

Triflum.

My Brother in sweet eloquence did delight,
Being born in wrangling wars of Court to fight.
But I diviner poesy did favour,
And my Muse did entice me to her labour.
My Father said, why art thou thus enclin'd?
Homer himself did leave no wealth behinde.
Mov'd with his words, I left the Muses well,
And unto writing prose I straight-way fell.
But then my lines would into numbers run,
And what I writ would straight a verse become.
In the mean time, years in silence going on,
I and my brother took the freer gown,
The purple robes our shoulders now did cloath,
And in our first studies we delighted both.
At twenty years my brother di'd, and then
To want part of my self, I first began.
The honours due to youth we both did take,
And of the three men I a part did make,
Being forc'd into the Senate at the length.
That burden it was greater than my strength,
My minde nor body could no pains abide,
And I did alwaies shun ambitious pride.
The *Aonian* sisters bid me seek safe leisure,
Wherein indeed I alwaies took great pleasure.
I lov'd and cherish'd Poets of that time,
For I did think the Poets were divine.
Old *Macer* read to me in verse, of Birds,
What hearbs are hurtful, and what helps affords.
Often *Propertius* did his love recite,
Joynd unto me even by acquaintance right.
Ponticus in Heroicks, *Ballus* in Jambicks rare,
These two my sweet companions alwaies were.
And *Horraces* numbers did my ear delight,
While he verse unto the Harpe doth strike.
Virgil I only saw, and covetous fates,
Tibullus from my friendship hence translates,

Lib. 4.

He was *Gallus* successor, *Propertius* followed him.
In course of time I was the fourth came in,
As I my elders, my youngers me renown,
And my *Thaleia* soon abroad was known.
Twice was my beard cut, when I did rehearse.
Unto the people first my youthful verse.
One call'd *Corinna* by a feigned name,
In praising her did exercise my vein.
Much did I write, but what I faulty deem'd.
I gave them to the fire for to amend,
And when I fled, I burnt some things I lov'd,
For with my verse and study I was mov'd.
A light occasion would move my soft heart,
Which soon would be o'recome by *Cupid's* Dart.
Yet with loves fire being quickly set on flame,
There was no scandal went under my name.
To me a boy, an unthrifty wife they assign,
Who was married to me but a little time.
My next wife though she were without all blame,
Yet in my bed she did not long remain.
My last abides these latter years and can,
Endure to be wife to a banish'd man.
My second Daughter did two husbands take,
And twice a grand-father of me did make.
My Father now his life even finish'd had,
While nine times four years he to mine did add.
I wept for him, as he would have done for me,
And then my Mother dyed presently.
Happy and timely to the grave they went,
Because they di'd before my banishment.
And I am happy since while they did live,
They had no cause at all for me to grieve.
If ought remain unto the dead but names.
And the thin Ghost do scape the Funeral flames,
If you my Parents hear some sad report,
And that my faults are in the Stygian Court.

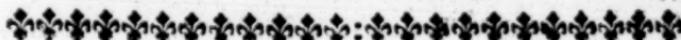
Tristium.

Know then (whom to deceive is not my intent)
Errour, not wickednes caus'd my banishment.
Thus much to the dead, to you I now return,
That the actions of my life would fain discern.
Now whiteneis, when my best years spended were,
Came on and mingl'd with my ancient haire.
The horse-man with *Pisan* Olive crown'd,
Hath since my birth got ten prizes renown'd.
When as the Emperours wrath doth me command,
To *Tomas* which by *Euxine* Sea doth stand.
I need not shew the cause of my sad fall,
Which is already too well known to all.
What shall I shew the treacherous intent,
Of friends and servants, bad as banishment.
Yet my minde scorn'd to yeild to grief at length,
And shew'd her self invincible in strength.
And forgetting of my quiet life, I than
To take arms in my unwonted hand began.
In more perils I by sea and land have been,
Than stars between the shining Poles are seen.
At last I arrived at the *Getick* coast,
Joyn'd to *Sarmatia*, being with errors tost.
Though noise of wars do round about me rage,
Yet by my verse I did my grief asswage.
Though there be none that can my words receive,
Yet thus I do the day alone deceive.
In that I live and labour still between,
And that the time doth not to me long seem.
Thanks Muse to thee, for thou dost yeild relief,
Thou art the ease and medicine of my grief.
Thou art my guide, from *Isther* me dost bring,
And placest me in the *Heliconian* spring.
And hast given me in my life time a great name,
Which after death is given still by fame.
Envie which doth at present things repine,
Hath never bitten any work of mine.

Though

Lib. 5.

Though many Poets in this age forth came,
Yet fanie was never envious to my name.
I prefer'd many who of me still sed
No less, and through the world I shall be read.
If Poets any truth do Prophecie,
I shall not all be earth when I do die.
If favour or my verse gave me this fame,
Kinde Reader I do thank thee for the same.



L I B. V. E L E G Y I.

*He writeth here unto his friend,
To whom he doth this book commend.*

THIS Book which cometh from the *Getick* shore,
Add thou (my friend) unto the other four.
For this is like unto the Poets tyme,
And thou shalt finde no sweetnes in my lines.
My verse and fortune full of sorrow be,
My matter with my writing doth agree :
Being happie, in a pleasant veine I writ,
But now alas I do repent of it,
But when I sell, my sad chance I proclaim.
And I my self the Argument do frame,
Even as the Swan that on the banck doth lie.
Bewails her self when she is near to dye.
So I being cast on the *Sarmatick* shoare,
My own sad funeral do here deplore.
If any do in wanton verse delight,
I advise him not to read what I do write,
Gallus and sweet *Propertius* fitter be,
Whose names do flourish still in memory.
And in their number would I might not fall,
Alas why hath my Muse even spoke at all?

But

Triflum.

But now to *Stydia* for a punishment,
He that did write of quivered love is sent.
Yet I have bent my friends unto my vein,
And bid them to bee mindful of my Name.
If some would know why I so much do sing
Of grief, ascribe it to my suffering,
We do not now compose with will and Art,
Sorrow doth to the matter wit impart.
How small a part of grief is in my verse,
He's happie that his sufferings can rehearse.
As shrubs in wood, or sands which *Tyber* guild,
Or the soft blades of grass in *Marses* field.
So many miseries do we now endure,
Of which my Muses are the onely cure.
If thou ask when *Ovid* ends his weeping lines ?
I answer, when I do finde better times.
She this complaint from a full spring affords,
They are not mine, but my mis- fortunes words.
If to me my Wife and Country thou restore,
I shall be merry as I was before.
If *Cæsar*'s wrath to me become more milde,
I'le give thee verses that with mirth are fill'd.
Yet shall my writing not so jest again.
Though once it ran out in a wanton veine,
I'le sing what shall by *Cæsar* be approv'd,
If that I might be from the *Getes* remov'd.
Till then sad matter in my books shall be,
This pipe doth unto funerals agree.
But thou may say, 'twere better for to cover
Thy griefs, and strive in silence them to smother.
Thou wouldest have torments, yet no groans resound,
Thou bidst him not to weep that hath a wound.
In that Bull which *Perillas* once did frame,
Phalleris suffer'd them to roar and complain.
And *Priam*'s tears, *Achilles* did not blame,
But thou more cruel wouldest my tears restrain.

When

Lib. 5.

When *Dian Niobe* did childless leave,
She did not bid her that she should not grieve.
'Tis something by words to ease sorrows vein.
Which maketh *Progne* alwaies to complain,
This made *Peantius* in a cold Cave lye,
Wearying the *Lemnian* rocks even with his crie.
Sorrow conceal'd doth choak and inward swell,
Restraint to gather strength doth it compel.
Then pardon me, or leave my works even quite,
If they harm thee which do me much delight.
But yet they can be hurtful unto none.
Which only have their Authour overthrown
I confess they are ill, who bids thee take them then?
Or who forbids thee lay them down again.
Yet that they may be read at last of thee,
More barbarous than the place they cannot be.
Rome with her Poets should not nie compare.
Though 'mongst the *Saxromates* I witty were,
Lastly, I seek no glory to obtain,
Nor that which spurs up wit, aspiring fame:
I would not have my minde to waste with care,
Which still breaks in though they forbidden are.
This makes me write, but if you ask why I send
These books, it is to visit you my friend.

E L E G I E II.

He bids his wife not to fear,
To entreat Cæsar that he woul'd bear
His case, and after be content,
To grant him milder banishment.

When a letter comes from *Pontus* art thou pale?
Why does thy hand in opening it even fail?
Fear not, I am well, my bodie which I long,
Did ne're inure to pains, now groweth strong.

And

Tristium. I

And being vext, by use doth waxe more hard,
Or that to be sick, time is now debard :
And yet my minde of strength doth get no more,
My affections are the same they were before.
Those wounds which I thought time would close again,
As if they were new made put me to pain :
Time hath some power to heal a little cross,
But greater sorrows do by time grow worse.
Peautius ten whole years that wound did feed,
Which from the poysoned snake did first proceed.
Let part then of my grief his wrath appease,
And let him take some drops from the full seas.
Though he take off much, yet much remain still shall,
Part of my punishment will be like to all.
As shells on shoare, or flowers on beds of Roses,
Or as the grains which Poppy first discloses.
As beasts in woods, or fish in waters swims,
Or birds do beat the gentle air with wings :
So many are my griefs, and I as well,
The drops of the *Icarian* Sea may tell.
Though I hide my dangers both by sea and Land,
And how my life was sought by every hand :
In the barbarous part of all the world I lie,
Which is encompas'd by the enemy.
Since my crime is not bloody, I should be,
Conveyed hence, if thou didst care for mee.
That God on whom the *Roman* power doth lie,
Hath been most milde unto the enemie.
Why do'st thou doubt ? go and intreat for me,
Than *Cæsar* no man can more gentle be,
What shall I do if thou doft mee forsake ?
And from the broken yoke thy neck doft take,
And whence shall I some comfort now provide ?
Since that my ship doth at no anchor ride.
He shall see, and to the Altar I will run,
The Altar which no hands at all doth shun.

I absent to the absent powers will speak,
 If that a man to *Joye* his minde may break.
 Thou Ruler of the Empire in whose safetie,
 The Gods do shew their care of *Italy* :
 The glory and example of thy land,
 Great as the world which thou dost command.
 So dwell on earth, that heaven may thee desire,
 And slowly to the promis'd stars aspire.
 Spare me, and take some thunder back again.
 Enough of punishment will still remain,
 Thy wrath is milde, thou grantest me to live,
 And the right of a Citizen to me didst give.
 Nor was my substance given away, and than,
 Thy Edicts calls me not a banisht man.
 All which I fear'd, cauise I did thee incense,
 But thy wrath was more milde than my offence.
 To banish me to *Pontus* thou didst please,
 While that my Ship did cut the *Stythian Seas*.
 Thus sent, at the *Euxine* shores I landed straight,
 Which under the cold Pole are situate,
 Nor with the cold aire here more vex'd am I,
 Nor hoary frost which on the elods doth lie :
 Or that they are ignorant of the Latine tongue.
 And *Græcian* speech by *Getick* is o'recome,
 As that I am encamps'd round with warre,
 So that within the walls we scarce safe are :
 Sometimes there's peace, but yet no trust therein,
 We fear the wars until the wars begin.
 So I remove, may *Charibdis* me devour,
 And send me down unto the *Stygian* power.
 In *Atta's* scorching flame I'le burn with ease
 Or be thrown into the *Leucadian* seas.
 For to be miserable I do not refuse,
 But yet a safer misery I would chuse.

Tristium.

ELEGIE III.

To Bacchus that he would but speak,
To Cæsar and for him entreat.

Bacchus, this day the Poets keep to thee,
If in the time, I not deceived be.
Tying sweet garlands round about their head,
While much in praise of wine by them is sed.
Mongst whom while I was suffered by my fate,
I made up one, whom thou didst not then hate,
But now plac'd under the stars of the Bear,
Sarmatia holds mee to the *Getes* so near.
I that did lead a life from labour free,
In my study or in the Muscs company:
Now *Geticks* weapons lash on every hand,
Having suffered much before by sea and land,
Whether fate or angry Gods did this assign.
Or that the *Parcae* frown'd at my birth-time?
Yet by thy power thou shouldst have helped me,
One of the adorers of thy Ivie tree.
Or can no God ever alter that decree,
Which once the fatal Ladies Prophesie.
Thou by desert in Heaven a seat dost hold,
And mad'st thy way through labours manifold?
Nor did thy Country alwaies thee contain,
But to the *Getes* and snowy *Strymon* came,
To *Persis* and to *Ganges* v andring stream,
And all those waters *Indians* drink unclean.
The *Parcae* that the fatal threads do spin,
To the twice borne, twice this decree did sing.
If I by the Example of the Gods may go,
A hard estate of life doth keep me low.
And in as heavy a manner as I fell,
Whom *Jove* for bragging did from *Thebes* expel.
When thou heardst thy Post was thus thunder-struck,
For thy mothers sake some grief thou mightst have took.
And

Lib. 4.

And looking on thy Poets might'ſt say thus ;
One here is wanting that much honour'd us.
Help *Bacchus*, and may ſo a double vine,
Burden the Elme, the grapes being full of wine.
So may the *Bacchæ* with the *Satyres* be,
Ready to make an amazed crie to thee.
And may *Lycurgus* bones be hardly preſt,
And *Pentheus* ghost from torment never reſt.
So may thy wifes clear crown within the ſkie
Shine ever, and excel thoſe ſtarrs are nigh,
Come hither and help me in my ſad eſtate,
Remember I was one of thine of late.
The gods have one ſociety, ſtrive to encline,
Great *Cæſar*'s power by that fame power of thine.
And you Poets that my fellow ſtudents be,
Take wine, and after pray the fame for me.
And let ſome of you, when *Ovid*'s name he hears,
Set down the cup and mingle it with tears.
Saying when he doth all the reſt eſpie,
Where's *Ovid*, once one of our company ?
Do this if my candour did deſerve your love,
Or if I ne're did any line reprove.
If while I reverence former men that writ,
I am held equal not beneath in wit :
If with *Apollo*'s favour you would frame
A verſe, then keep among you ſtill my name.

ELEGIE IV.

*This Letter here doth defery,
Ovids grief and misery,
And it praifeth much a friend,
That was conſtant to the end.*

I Ovids Letter, from *Euxine* Land
Am come, being tyr'd both by ſea and land :
Who weeping ſaid, go thou and visit *Rome*,
Thy ſtate is better than my fatal doom.

Weeping

Tristium.

Weeping he writ me, nor at his mouth would wet
The seal, which to his moist checks he did set.
If any one my cause of grief would know,
He wishes i the summ to him should show :
He sees no leaves in woods, in fields no grass,
Nor how the water in full streams doth pass.
He may ask why *Priam* griev'd for *Hectors* sake,
Why *Philoctete* groan'd, stung by a Snake.
Would the Gods would put him into such a state,
That he should have no cause to wail his fate :
Yet as he ought he endures his miseries,
Nor like a wilde horse from his bridle flies :
He hopes that *Cæsars* wrath will not still last,
Knowing no wickedness in his faults that's past.
He calls to minde great *Cæsar's* clemency,
Which by himselfe he doth exemplifie.
For that he keeps his wealth, and still doth live,
And is a Citizen, all this he doth give.
Yet thee (if thou believ'st me) he doth beare,
Alwaies in minde, and above all things dear.
His *Patroclus* and *Pylades* thou shalt be,
His *Theseus* and *Euryalus* he calls thee :
Nor doth he wish his Country more to see,
And those things which with it now absent be,
Than to see thy face, than hony sweeter still :
With which the *Attick Bee* the Hive doth fill.
Oft being sad, the time to minde he doth call,
And grieves that death did not prevent his fall :
When some my sudden misery did shun,
Nor to the threshold of my house would come :
He remembers thou most faithful didst remain,
If any two or three a few do name.
And though amazed he did then perceive,
That thou as much as he himself didst grieve.
Thy words and sighs he usually declares,
And how his bosome was wet with thy tears.

Of

Of Which he saies he will be mindful ever,
Whether he see day, or the earth him cover.
He would swear ever by his head and thine,
Which as his own he esteemed at that time.
He shall return thy love full thanks again,
Nor shall thy Oxen plough the shoare in vain.
Defend a banish'd man, I ask what he
Himself doth not ask, that hath well known thee.

ELEGIE V.

*His Wives birth he doth celebrate,
And prayes she may be fortunate.*

MY Wives birth-day due honour doth expect,
My hands do not those holy rites neglect.
Thus *Ulysses* in the farthest part of all
The world, did keep a solemn festival.
Let now my tongue forget past griefs again,
Which I fear hath forgot good words to frame.
That garment which I once a year do take,
I'll wear being white, and unlike to my fate.
And a green Altar shall of turf be made,
And a garland round about the Altar laid.
Boy give me incense making a fat flame,
And wine that in the fire may hiss again.
Birth-day, I wish that thou may still come here
Prosperous, and unlike to mine appear.
If any ill-fate hover o're my wife,
Let me endure it in my wretched life.
And let my ship bruis'd with a grievous storme,
Saile on her way through safe seas without harme.
In her house and country let her take delight,
'Tis enough that these are taken from my sight.
Though in her husband she unhappy be,
Let her other part of life from clouds be free.
May she live and love her absent husband now
And spend those latter years which fates allow,

Triflum.

And mine too, but I fear my fate would give
Some infection to those years which she doth live.
Nothing is certain, for who'd think that I,
Should 'mongst the *Getes* keep this solemnity?
Look how the winde towards *Italy* now drives
The smoak, that from the incense doth arise.
There is sense in the clouds, which fire doth show,
But what it doth portend, I do not know.
When those brothers once did sacrificing stand,
Who after were slain by each others hand.
In two parts the black flame did upward go,
As if it were by them commanded so.
I remember once I said it could not be,
And *Chalimachus* was not believ'd of me.
Now I believe, since thou wise smoak do'st bend
For the North, and towards *Italy* do'st ascend.
This is the Day, which if it had not been,
No feast-day had of wretched me been seen:
This day brought vertues that most equal were,
To those same men whose fames did shine most clear.
Chastity and constancy with her were borne,
But no joyes began upon that day forlorne.
But labour, cares, and sad adversity,
And like a widdow all alone to lie.
Yet goodness by adversity is try'd,
And prais'd that doth in hardest times abide:
Had *Ulysses* seen no troubles in his daies,
Penelope had been happy without praise.
Eudne had laine in the earth unknown,
If her husband conquerour from *Thebes* had come.
Of *Pelias* Daughters one is prais'd by fame,
Because she married an unhappy man.
Had another first gone on the *Trojan* shore,
Of *Laodameia* we should hear no more:
And that affection had been still unknown,
If that a fair winde in my sails had blow.

You Gods and *Cæsar*, which to you shall go,
When he hath liv'd out *Nestor's* years below.
Spare not me, who due punishment receive,
But her that doth unworthily now grieve.

ELEGIE VI.

Here he doth entreat his friend,
Not to leave him in the end.

Thou that weist once the hope of my affairs,
A refuge and a haven to my cares.
Do'st thou forget thy friend in misery?
That pious office dost thou now lay by?
My burden thou should'st not have undergone,
If in this time thou would'st have laid it down,
Palinurus thou in the sea dost leave my barke,
Fly not, but be thou faithful in thy Art.
Antamedon in the battel never fled,
Nor left *Achilles* horse unmanaged.
Podatius whom he took to cure, would still
Give him that help he promis'd by his skill.
Better not take, than to thrust forth a guest,
Let my hand on thy *Altar* firmly rest:
To maintain me at first thou did'st intend,
Me and thy judgement do thou now defend.
If that there be no new offence of mine,
To make thee change thy faith for any crime.
My breath which I in *Scythia* fetch so slow,
I wish may first out of my body go,
E're any fault of mine thy breast do move,
Or that I seem less worthy of thy love.
We are not so by unjust fates opprest,
That length of misery should disturb my breast.
Suppose it were, how often did *Orestes*,
Speak froward words against his *Pylades*.
Nay it is true that he did strike his friend,
Yet in friendship he continued to the end.

Tristium.

In this the wretched with the rich are even,
That unto both much flattery is given.
We give the way unto the blinde, and those
Who are fear'd, because they wear the purple cloathes.
You should spare my fortune though you spare not me,
There is no place now angry for to be.
Chuse the least sorrow which I do sustain,
'Tis more than that whereof thou dost complain.
As ditches hidden are with many a reed,
Or as the Bees, which do on *Hybla* feed.
Or like those grains which by the Ants are found,
And in a small path carried under ground.
Even such a troop of sorrows compasf me,
Believe me, my complaint might greater be.
He that is not content herewith, may poure
Water to the Sea, or sands unto the shore.
Therefore thy unse sonable rage appease,
Nor leave my sails in the midst of the Seas.

ELEGIE VII.

*His miseries be here repeats.
with the manners and habit of the Getes.*

THis letter which thou readst, from thence did come
Where *Isther* into the green sea doth run.
If thou enjoy'st thy life and sweetest health,
I shall be fortunate in that my self:
Doubtless dear friend thou ask'st how I do?
Which though I silent were, yet thou maiest know,
I am wretched, this my summe of griet doth give,
Who e're offendeth *Cesar* so shall live.
If thou wouldest know the people of this region,
Of *Tomos*, and their manners and condition.
Though *Getes* and *Gracians* here do spread it o're,
This land of rugged *Getes* containeth more.
The *Sarmatians* and the *Getes* continually,
In troopes upon their Horses do pass by.

'Mongst

Mongst which theres none but bears his bow in shew,
And Arrows which with vipers blood look blew.
Awilde voice, fierce look, deaths truest shape they have,
And then their hair and beard they never shave.
They are ready with a knife to give a wound,
Which every salvage by his t-de hath bound :
With these he lives, who of you will mindful be,
Thy Poet (Friend) doth these both hear and see ,
And may he live, and in this place ne're die ,
That my ghost from this hated place may flie.
Thou writ'st my verse in Theat-ers is sung ,
And that a loud applause to them is rung.
Thou know'st I have done nothing in stage-waiks ,
Nor is my Muse ambitious of applause.
Yet I like it that my memory they retain,
And of a banish'd man keep up the name :
Though when I think what hurt once from them came ,
I curse my Muses, and my verse again.
And having curs'd, I cannot them forsake ,
Those weapons bloodied in my wounds I take.
The ship torn with *Eubonian* waves, yet after
Dares freely sail in the *Capharian* water.
Yet I labour not for praise, nor take I care ,
To get a name, which better unknown were.
With studie I delight my minde, and trie,
To delude my sorrows and my cares thereby.
What should I do on this same desert shore?
What other help for grief can I implore?
The place it self is unpleasent unto me,
And nothing in the world can siffer be.
The men are scarcely worthy of that name ,
More cruelty than wolves they do retaine.
They fear no laws, the right doth yeild to wrong,
The Laws are by the warlike sword o're-come.
To keep off cold, they skins and mantles weare,
And their grim faces are hid with long haire.

Triflum.

In some of them some little Greek is found,
Which is made barbarous by the Getick sound;
Amongst these people, there is scarce one man,
That render common words in Latin can.
I a Roman Poet (pardon mee I pray,
You Muses) speak in the Sarmatick way.
I am ashamed yet through dis-use I find,
That latin words come slowly to my minde.
And many barbarous words this book deface,
Which is no fault of mine, but of the place.
Yet that I may the latin tongue not lose,
And that I may still keep my voice in use.
Those un-used words unto my self I speak,
And to studious colours I retreat:
Thus I draw on the time, and my self bring
From the contemplation of my suffering.
By verse I seek to forget my miseries,
If I get this by studie, it doth suffice.

ELEGIE VIII.

To enveigh against one he doth begin,
Who had railed first at him.

Though I am fallen, yet I am not beneath thee,
Than which there's nothing can inferiour be,
What makes thee wick'd man, to stomach me?
Insulting in that which may hap to thee.
Cannot my miseries make thee soft and milde?
For which the beasts would weep though they are wilde.
Fear'st thou not for me on a globe that stands,
Nor yet that hated Goddesses commands?
Rhamnutia will on thee revenged be,
Because thou tread'st upon my miserie.
I have seen a shipwrack and men cast away,
Yet that the water was just ne're did say,
Who once deni'd the poor some broken meat,
Is glad himself of begged bread to eat.

Fortune

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Fortune doth rove with an unconstant pace,
And ne're remaineth certain in one place,
Now she is merry, then sullen by and by,
And constant in nothing but inconstancy,
We flourisht once, but soon that flower did fade,
And this our sudden blaze of straw was made.
Yet left thou cruelly rejoice in vain,
I have some hope to please the Gods again.
My fault is not wicked, though it merit blame;
And envie is wanting to encrease my shame.
Besides, from sun-rising till he down doth go,
The world a milder man can never show.
And though he cannot be o'recome by strength,
Entreaty makes his heart grow soft at length.
And like the Gods to whom he shall go at last,
Will pardon me, and give more than I ask.
If you count the fair and fowle daies in a year,
You shall finde the day hath oftner been clear;
Then least thou joy in my ruine any more,
Think *Cæsar* may me once again restore.
Think that the Prince appeas'd, it may come to pass,
That in the City thou mai'st see my face.
And see thee banisht for a worse fault than this,
Which is the next unto my former wish.

E L E G I E IX.

*He shews why his friend he dares not name,
Or mention him for fear of blame.*

I F thou would'st let thy name be in my verse.
How often then should I thy name rehearse?
For thou the subject of my song shouldst be,
And each leaf of my book should mention thee.
My love to thee through the City should be spread,
If banisht, I am in the City read.
The present age, and latter should know thee,
If that my writings bear antiquity.

Tristium.

And the learned Reader praise to thee should give ;
And be honour'd while that I thy Poet live :
'Tis *Cæsar*'s gift that we do breathe this air :
After the Gods, thanks unto thee due are.
He gave me life, and thou do'st it maintain,
That so I may enjoy that gift again.
Some were dismay'd my ruine for to see ,
And some dismayed were for companie.
And beheld my ship-wreck from some hill on land,
And to me swimming would not reach their hand.
Thou cal'd st me half dead from the *Stygian* water,
And mad'st me to remember this hereafter.
May the Gods and *Cæsar* still be friends to thee ,
My prayer cannot any larger be.
These things in my witty books I would have brought
To light, if thou the same had'st fitting thought.
Now though commanded for to hold her peace ,
My Muse from naming thee can hardly cease.
As the couples cannot hold the striving hound ,
When he the footing of the Dear hath found.
As the fierce horse with heels and head doth beat ,
On the List-gates till they be open set.
So my *Thaleia* shut in and enclos'd ,
To name thee though forbidden is dispos'd.
Yet lest a friends love hurt thee any way ,
Fear not, I will thy own commands obey.
Because thou think'st that I do think on thee,
Since thou forbid'st not, I will thankful be.
And while this life preserving light I view ,
My soul shall alwaies serve and honour you.

ELEGIE X.

He complains that he three years had spent.
In Pontus in sad banishment.

Since we came to *Pontus Ister* twice was froze ,
And thrice the *Euxine* sea even hardned grows.

Lib. 5.

But yet as many years they seem to mee,
As *Troy* was under the *Greek* enemie.
Time seems to stand, so slowly it goes on,
The year most slackly doth his journey run.
Nor doth the Solstice from night take away,
Nor the winter never shortneth the day.
With us the natures of things changed are,
Which lengthens all things equal to my care.
Or doth the time his wonted course go on,
And onely seem long unto me alone?
While the *Euxine* shore so call'd by a false name,
But more truely *Scybia*, doth me contain.
Fierce wars the Nations round about doth threaten,
Who think their living is by stealth well gotten.
Nothing without is safe, the hill is fortifi'd
With walls, and the nature of the place beside.
The foe like to a shoal of birds comes in,
And drives away the booty e're he's seen.
Sometimes their darts in the streets we gather up,
Which do fli o're the walls the gates being shut.
If any one to plough the earth is bold.
One hand the plough, the other armes doth hold
The Shepheard with an helmet, pipes on's reed,
And stead of Wolves, the sheep the wais do dread.
The Castle scarce defends us, wherein we fear,
Cause the *Salvages* with the *Græcians* mixed are.
The *Birbarian* here with us doth dwell most free,
And the most houses by him possessed be.
Whom though you fear not, their lookes hateful are,
Their bodies covered with skins and long hair:
Those which from *Greece* are thought to be deriv'd,
Their bodies with the *Persian* flop doth hide.
They use the commerce of a neighbour tongue,
By gesture each thing is to me made known.
For I am understood by none of them,
And the dull *Getes* the Latin words contemn.

They

Triflum.

They speak ill of me while that I am present,
And do object to me my banishment.
And they do think ill of me oftentimes,
When while they speak I answer them by signes.
And injustice is more cruel than the sword,
Some in the Court with wounds are often goar'd.
Hard *Lachesis* thou gav'st too long a thred
Of life to me, under an ill starre bred.
That my Countries sight, and friends I now do want,
And thus in *Scythia* do make my complaint.
Both grievous are, I have deserv'd from *Rome*,
To be banisht, not to such a place to come.
What speak I madly? I deserv'd to die,
When I offended *Cæsars* Majestie.

ELEGIE. XI.

*To his wife 'cause some did her defame.
And call her wife to a banisht man.*

Thy Letter which thou sendst me doth complain,
That some one call'd thee wife to a banisht man.
I griev'd not that my life is ill spoke by,
Who now have us'd to suffer valiantly:
But that I am a cause of shame to thee,
And I think thou blushest at my misery.
Endure, thou hast suffered more even for my sake,
When the Princes wrath me from thee first did take.
He's deceiv'd who calleth me a banisht man,
My fault a gentler punishment did attain.
Our ship though broke is not o'rewhelm'd or drown'd,
It bears up still, though it no Port hath found.
My life, my wealth, my right he doth not take,
Which I deserv'd to lose for my faults sake.
To offend him was a punishment far more,
I wish my funeral hour had gone before.
But because no wickedness was in my fault,
To banish me he only fittest thought.

Lib. 5.

As to those whose numbers cannot reckon'd be,
So *Cæsar*'s Majesty was milde to me.
Therefore my verses by right as they may,
O *Cæsar*, do sing forth thy praise alway.
I beseech the Gods to shut up Heavens Gate,
And let thee be a God on earth in state.
But thou that call'st me thus a banisht man,
Encrease not my sorrow with a feign'd name.

E L E G I E XII.

*To his friend who wish'd him to delight
Himself, while he did verses write.*

THOU writ'st that I should pass the time away
With study, lest my minde with rust decay.
'Tis hard (my friend) verle is a merry task,
And it a quiet minde doth alwaies aske.
Our fate is droven by an adverse winde,
No chance more sad than mine can be assign'd.
Thou wouldest have *Priam* at his sons death jest,
And *Niobe* dance as it were at a feast.
Ought I to studie or else to lament?
That alone unto the farthest *Getes* am sent.
Give me a breast with so much strength sustain'd,
Such as *Anytus* had, as it is fam'd.
So great a weight would sink his wit at length,
Joves anger is above all humane strength.
That old man which *Apollo* wifc did call,
In such a case would not have wit at all,
Though I forget my Countrie and my self,
And have no sense at all of my lost wealth:
To do my office fear doth me forbid,
Being compas'd in with foes on every side.
Besides, my vein grows dull being rusted o're,
And now it is far lesser than before.
The field if that it be not daily till'd,
Will nothing else but thornes, and knot-grafs yeild.

The

Tristium.

The Horse having long stood still will badly run,
And be last of those that from the Lists do come.
The boat that hath long out of water been,
Grows rotten, and the chinks thereof are seen.
Then hope not I that had an humble vein,
Can e're return like to my self again.
My wit by my long suffering is decay'd,
And part of my former vigour now doth fade.
Sometimes my Tables in my hand I take,
And I my words to run in feet would make.
I can write no vertes but such as you see,
Fitting the place and their Authours miserie.
And lastly, glory gives strength to a strain,
And love of praise, doth make a fruitful vein.
I was allur'd with hope of fams before,
While as a prosperous winde my sails out bore :
But now in glory I take not delight,
I had rather be unknown if that I might.
Because that some my verse at first did like,
Would'st thou have me therefore proceed to write ?
May I speak it with your leave you sisters nine,
You chiefly caus'd this banishment of mine.
As the maker of the Bull in it did smart,
So I am also punish'd by my Art,
And now with verse I ought for to have done,
And being shipwrack'd I the sea should shun.
Suppose that studie I should again assay,
This place is unsit for vertes any way.
Here are no books, nor none to lend an ear,
Nor none can understand me if they hear.
All places here both rude and wilde are found,
And filled with the fearful *Getis* sound.
I have forgot in Latin for to speak,
And I have learnt the language of the *Gete*.
Yet to speak truth, I cannot so restrain,
My Muse but sometime she a verse will frame.

Lib. 5.

I write, and then I burn those books again,
And thus my study endeth in a flame.
I cannot make a verse, nor do desire,
Which makes me put my labour in the fire.
No part of my invention to you came,
But that which was stolē or snatch'd from the flame.
And would that Art too had been burnt for me,
Which brought the Author unto misery.

ELEGIE XII.

*Here he doth accuse his friend,
Because he did no letters send.*

From the *Gettick Land* thy *Ovid* sends thee health ;
If one can send what he doth want himself.
For my minde from my body infected is ,
Lest any part of me should torment miss.
A pain in my side me many daies doth hold ,
Which I had gotten by the winter's cold.
If thou art well, then we in part are well,
For thou didst under-prop me when I fell.
Thou gav'st me many pledges of thy heart,
And did'st defend me still in every part.
'T is thy fault that Letters thou dost seldom send ,
Thou performed'st deeds, deny'st words to thy friend.
Pray wend this fault, which if you shall correct ,
In thee alone there will be no defect.
I would accuse thee more, but it may be,
Thy Letter being sent came not to me.
May this complaint of mine seem rash and hot ,
May I falsely think that thou hast me forgot.
Which as I pray for I am sure to finde,
For I can ne're believe thou hast chang'd thy minde.
Gray worm-wood shall in the cold sea be scant ,
And *Cycilian Hybla* shall sweet hony want.
E're thou in rememb'ring of thy friend grow slack ,
The threds sure of my fate are not so black.

And that thou may'st avoid so foule a crime,
What thou art not, beware thou do not seem.
And as we were wont to pass the time away,
With some discourse, till we had spent the day,
Let Letters carry and fetch back our words,
While hands and paper tongues to us affords.
But lest I seem too distrustful for to be,
And that these few lines may admonish thee.
Take my farewell, which word doth Letters end,
And may fortune better fates unto thee send.

ELEGIE XIV.

Ovid shew's his wife that she,
Shall by his books immortal be.

WHAT a memorial my books give to thee ?
Thou Wife more dearer than my self mai'st
Though fortune from their Authour do detract, (see,
Yet by my wit thy fame shall be exact.
While I am read, thy fame shall too be read,
Which cannot in the funeral fire lie dead :
And though thou seem'st unhappy by my fate,
Yet some shall wish to be in thy estate :
Who 'cause thou bearst part of my miserie,
May call thee happie, and may envie thee.
By giving riches thou no more hadst got,
Since the rich-mans ghost from hence doth carry nought
But I have given thee fame that still shall last,
The greatest gift that I could give, thou hast.
And 'cause thou dost defend me in my trouble,
This maketh honour come upon thee double.
For that my voice doth ev' r mention thee,
Thy husbands love my still thy glory be.
And lest some call thee rash, abide to the end,
Both me and thy faith see that thou defend :

For

For while we stood, thou onely didst maintain,
Thy goodness free from any fault or blame.
Which is not ruin'd by this fault of mine,
Thy vertue now may make thy works to shine.
'Tis easie to be good, when we remove,
All occasions that may make wives not to love.
But in thunder if the shower she do not shun,
Such affection doth true marriage love become,
Rare is that love which fortune doth not guide,
But when she flies away doth firm abide.
If vertue a reward to any be,
Shewing most courage in adversity,
Thy vertue in no age shall be conceal'd,
But through the world admired and reveal'd.
Thou seest *Penelope* doth still retain,
For constancy an unextinguish'd name.
Admetus and brave *Hector's* wife are sung,
And *Hipias* wife that into fire did run.
The *Phylacean* wife by fame new life hath found,
Whose husband first set foot on *Trojan* ground.
I do not need thy death, shew love to me.
And thence thou shalt get fame most easily.
Nor think I exhort thee, cause that thou dost fail,
Though the ship go with oares, we put on sail.
He that exhorts, doth praise what thou dost do,
And by exhorting doth his liking show.

FINIS.

Accipe hoc donum
mi domine. et in
firio factore illum
serua. O beati
pontificis enim
nisi solum meo
sed multo etiam
magis divino
consilio ex illis
rum inspira.
bonas in fiducia
malis evipias
atq evoleas.

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